

No. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1821.

**VOL. I.**

**MISS HALLANDE.**

"HALLANDER's numbers, soft and clear,  
Gently steal upon the ear."

**POPE.**

"We are beholden to you, madam,  
For your sweet music, this last night; our ears,  
We do protest, were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony."

**SHAKSPEARE.**

THIS young lady, whose vocal abilities are of the first order, is a native of Somerset. She cultivated the fine talents she had received from nature, by taking instructions of one of the lay vicars of Worcester cathedral, but his style of music, as may well be imagined, was not that which is adapted to theatrical exhibitions; yet it laid a fine foundation for the exercise of Miss HALLANDE's powers. Sacred music must, certainly, by its grandeur and sub-

VOL. I. C C

limity, be of infinite aid in affording that expression without which vocal music loses all its charms. It was on a festive occasion that Miss HALLANDE paid a visit to a friend at Worcester, and from frequenting, at times, the theatre there, a sudden impulse made her resolve on embracing a theatrical life. She took a lofty aim, determining to make her professional engagement at one or other of our two great national theatres; and we have the high satisfaction of finding that merit "will win its way" almost unaided, and truly inexperienced.

Her first appearance was made at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character in which our plate represents her, on the 20th of last February. (1) Her *débüt* was most successful. Notwithstanding the disadvantages a person totally unused to the stage, and having seen but a very few theatrical representations, must have laboured under, yet she, (though naturally embarrassed at a first appearance, in such a theatre, and before a very crowded audience,) sustained the character she undertook in a manner that gained her universal applause; her voice and execution gave much pleasure to her admiring hearers, and she was unanimously *encored* in all her songs. She was rather em-

(1) We think this not a bad opportunity for inserting (and thereby preserving for the benefit of posterity) the following *puff* tremendous! which appeared the next day in the bills.—It is a treat for the connoisseurs in puffing.

"The new opera, called '*Don John*,' was received throughout with *roars of laughter!* and *shouts of applause!!* and the acting of Mr. C. KEMBLE, Mr. LISTON, Mr. JONES, Mr. ABBOTT, &c. was hardly surpassed even in the days of Garrick!!! The music absolutely *enchanted!* and *electrified!* the audience—almost every piece being *encored*:—and, whilst Miss STEPHENS, in the *Second Violetta*, so exceeded all her former successful efforts, as to add another laurel even to her *high* reputation, Miss HALLANDE, in the *First Violetta*, made as triumphant a *débüt* as was ever made by any singer on the English stage!!!"

The public certainly can have no need of critics—the play-bills contain all they can wish for.—The above critique is *multum in parvo*.

barrassed in her first two songs, yet she displayed such gleams of skill and power in their execution as decided, even thus early, her success. Her third song was SHIELDS' favourite air of "*The Maid of Lodi*," arranged for her by Mr. WARE, and which she gave with great success. She also sung two duets with Miss STEPHENS in excellent style, and since her first appearance has given such decided proofs of musical talents as must place her in a high rank among English singers. She certainly possesses a fine voice, and a correctness of ear rarely witnessed in one whose talents are yet imperfectly developed, and whose musical education must be as yet incomplete. There is a *sauvété* about this lady which interests every one at first sight in her favour. In person, we find in her a resemblance to that charming vocal performer Miss STEPHENS, who, we understand, afforded her every assistance in getting through the arduous task of what was literally a first appearance in public. Since her first appearance she has successfully played several characters, which Miss STEPHENS had, as we thought, exclusively made her own; of these the principal was *Zelinda*, in the "*Slave*," of which we have already given a description at page 45. Her other performances since that time have been regularly noticed in our Theatrical Inquisition.

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"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."

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OUR life's a *play*, a *tragi-comic scene*,  
 Where *acts* of joy and sorrow intervene;  
 In varied *parts*, each *character* appears,  
 And *shifts the scenes* of short revolving years.  
 Some *act* in higher stations than the rest,  
 But God observes who *acts his part the best*;  
 He, the great judge, their final fate decrees,  
*Applauds or damns them in the afterpiece*,  
 When Death, as *prompter*, bids the curtain fall,  
 And one *catastrophe* concludes it all.  
 Of kings and beggars, cottagers and queens,  
 None can claim preference *behind the scenes*.

*Act well your part, and sure is your reward ;  
 Repine not if another be preferred  
 To act above you in this scenic age,  
 All will be equal when we're off the stage.*  
*Croydon, Sept. 1, 1821.*

A.

## THE DRAMATIST.

No. II.

BY G. CREED.

“ Scorn all applause the *vile rout* can bestow,  
 And be content to please the *knowing few*.”

Of all the recreations and pleasures which gratify the taste of man, none take a stronger hold on the feelings and the imagination than the exhibitions of the stage. It is an amusement from which very few of the community abstain, whether old or young, rich or poor. The greatest part, however, of those who visit the theatre, are persons in the bloom of life, and we may hope of every virtue ; the compositions, therefore, which are produced, ought undoubtedly to be examined with the strictest care and attention, and every scene, every sentence, nay, every word, calculated to excite immoral sensations in the mind of a young person, should be rigorously expunged. But, unfortunately, our managers are too obstinate and conceited to be taught or advised ; so that their houses fill, it is indifferent to them what plays are performed ; (1) to expect, therefore, instruction or amendment from the finest discourses delivered from the mouth of angels *one day* in seven, when the tongues and actions of devils are suffered to debauch the morals on the remaining *six*, is as visionary as to suppose that taking medicine twice in the year, will secure good health and long life, when the diet all the re-

(1) Is not “ *The Venison Past* ” a proof of this assertion ? A more immoral production was perhaps never witnessed on the English stage.



of the year is unwholesome. How noble, then, how glorious would be the attempt to reform the abuses of the theatre, and render it not only *innocent*, but of the greatest *utility*; not a foul and noxious brothel, but an elegant school of life and manners, which might at once impart pleasure and instruction, exalt the understanding, improve the morals, strengthen the cause of religion, and increase the virtue of a whole people. That plays *have* done this is certain; and therefore, under proper restrictions, and in proper hands, this they doubtless might do again. The stage (in my opinion) ever did, and ever will, form the manners, and the morals of the higher classes of a nation; and since the middling and lower orders will always aspire to be what their betters value themselves upon being, the vices and virtues of the admired and frequented scene, are gradually transfused into real life, and become the fashion, the model, and the taste of the people. There is, indeed, such an inseparable union between real life and the representations of the drama, that they mutually affect each other, and oftentimes the stage becomes vicious and vulgar, in compliance with the grovelling and base manners of a corrupted and licentious age. But this always argues a want of genius or principle in the writers for the theatre, who are base enough to flatter the taste and degeneracy which they have neither the ability or inclination to direct or amend. Thus the stage sinks into infamy and contempt, and that end for which

“The tragic muse first trod the stage,”

is entirely lost amidst the piles of rubbish annually produced at our theatres.

Perhaps there is no country in Europe where theatrical performances are so much sought after, or dramatic talent so much encouraged as in England. It *was* to this encouragement our stage owed its superiority over that of almost every other nation, and it *is* to this encouragement we are indebted for some of the finest productions of our great dramatic bards; but, unfortunately, we have arrived at an era, when *true genius* droops, and the praise and applause formerly bestowed on men of real talent and learning alone, is at this period shamefully abused; and the stage, instead of being “the school of virtue, modesty, and good man-

ners," is become the promoter of all kinds of wickedness, among which may be reckoned, as most prominent, lewdness, debauchery, indecency, and irreligion. (1)

The DRAMA, in its present state, includes all that is interesting, instructive, amusing, and affecting ; it combines the rich colourings of painting, the grace of action, and the harmony of verse, with the splendour of decorations, the beauty of scenery, and the enchanting allurements of fiction and romance. In short, of all the pleasures which the imagination is capable of receiving, none are so captivating as those which arise from witnessing an excellent dramatic representation. In this view of the stage, it appears all that is lovely ; but reverse the picture, and we shall find the pleasing delusion instantly vanishes. In most of the modern productions, a great part of the formation, structure, and tone of the ancient drama is retained, and, in many places, very exactly copied ; but we must remember they are only copied ; they contain no striking traits of character, no original and simple touches of feeling and sentiment, no new and yet familiar picture of life and manners ; nothing, in short, of the beauties which have rendered immortal the matchless poetry of SHAKESPEARE. Instead of this, we find in them nothing but violent metaphors, mingled with bombast and buffoonery, insulting alike to common sense and common decency. It is true, their "*gaudy tinsel*" pleases the "*vulgar few*," but the sensible and thinking part of the audience behold them with contempt, and turn from them with disgust.

In conclusion ; it must be past doubt with every reflecting mind, that if the abuses of these entertainments cannot be reformed, the very use of them should be prohibited, in not only every Christian, but also in every well-ordered state.

#### IS THE BOOK OF JOB A DRAMA ?

THERE have been many disputes about the book of *Job* ; some writers insisting that it is a mere fable or parable,

(1) Look at the saloons and lobbies.—These I shall laah in a future Number.

others that it is a real history, and others that it is a drama. To the last opinion, though it is by no means a general one, I lean, and am supported by SHERLOCKE and GROTIUS, who say it is *principally*, and by REZA, who says it is *wholly* dramatic. Without entering on a regular essay, which is perhaps more than I am able to execute, or the size of this work would admit, if I were, I shall just notice a few of the most prominent features, and see how they correspond with the general rules laid down by ancient critics. ARISTOTLE says the action should be grand, pathetic, and entire. This is grand, according to the other parts of his rules, as relating to exalted personages, i.e. kings and philosophers; and the machinery, as it is technically termed, consisting of the *angels* and *Satan*, is apallingly sublime. It is eminently pathetic, for we see a "just and upright man," for no fault of his own, deprived of his possessions and children, and "sitting without," in a state of perfect desolation; a more exquisitely affecting picture was never drawn, and I do not envy that man's feelings who can contemplate it without emotion. It is entire, according to the strictest sense, for it commences with the misfortune of *Job*, is occupied by, and terminates with it; for I consider the first twelve verses of the first chapter, which have been objected to the unity, as answering to the prologue of the Grecian tragedies.

The style is dramatic, and different from the other canonical writings. It is, throughout, firm, equable, and polished; often sublime, and never low. Violent hyperboles are not to be admitted in tragedy, though more excuse may be made for him who flies, than for him who creeps. Here the just medium is preserved, and in so many long speeches, it never, for a single sentence, falls. It is well adapted to the actors, who, being Asiatics, of course, use more swelling phrases than Europeans; for what is tumid to us would be flat with them. The metaphors and similes were peculiarly fit for an Arabian to use, and at the same time intelligible to all nations. The Leviathan and Behemoth are terrifically grand, and I cannot help thinking ARISTOPHANES, had read the book of *Job*, from the great similarity of his so often praised idea of *plenitude*. The horse, and several other descriptions,

which must be obvious to every reader, are essentially dramatic and poetical.

The prominent passion is grief, which affords as good a substratum for a tragedy as terror or horror ; undoubtedly better for a moral drama. But others are slightly introduced, so carefully, however, as not to draw our attention a moment from the principal. The characters are well drawn. *Job* is *qualis ab incepto* in the strictest sense of the precept. *Elihu* and the four friends are slightly but correctly sketched. *Satan* is delineated according to the Asiatic opinions of him ; but the old plays never were fruitful in character, one well preserved was always thought sufficient.

As I do not write this brief notice with the intent to demonstrate, but merely with the view of drawing public attention to the subject, I shall, at present, say no more on the internal positive evidence, but only refute two objections. One that the book of *Job* is not agreeable to the definition, "*Drama est poema, in quo, poetâ nihil interloquente personæ solæ agunt.*" (1) The connection of speeches by narrative, at first view, seems to entitle the poem to be classed with epics rather than dramas ; but it is at least probable that it was originally written as a dialogue, and the narrative added by another hand, since many of the speeches are but lamely joined to others. This conjecture receives confirmation from a MS. of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Ajax* of SOPHOCLES, now in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, in which the whole of each play is rendered a story, and the verses written without any distinction of lines or capitals, which shews the occasional practise of *epicizing* (if I may be allowed the expression) plays. The second objection has less weight. It is, by making the book of *Job* a drama, we destroy its sanctity. To this I merely reply, that, though a drama, it might be divinely inspired, and that, as fables and parables have been considered proper vehicles for instruction, there can be no reason to consider a tragedy an improper one.

D.L.

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(1) "The DRAMA" is a poem in which characters alone speak without the intervention of narrative.

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 THE BRITISH STAGE.
 

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“ Ever-blooming sweets ! which from the store  
Of nature fair imagination culls.”

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In life's rough path, where misery is strew'd  
O'er every spot, the cultured and the rude,  
Where *Fate*, it seems, has planted streams of woe,  
Over whose struggling depths we're doomed to go ;  
While kinder *Nature* points a thousand ways,  
To ease the destin'd burthen of our days,  
With social joys, with sorrows e'er at strife,  
To cheer the gloomy tenement of life ;—  
Surely we owe a debt of pleasures, due  
To those whose fancy, wit, or judgment true,  
Are form'd by Nature Fate's dark frown to mask,  
And still employ'd upon the pleasing task,  
To cheer their fellow-travellers on their way,  
And swell the little pleasures of the day ;  
To chase life's gloom, the heavy tear beguile,  
And, in its place, allure the cheerful smile.  
Can rigid Fate's diurnal tear deny,  
And check the moment's tributary sigh ;  
Or the hot tears, the furrow'd cheek that burn,  
To artless streams of sweet compassion turn ;  
From living sorrows turn the heartfelt glow,  
To genial sighs of sympathetic woe.

Then how must *Gratitude* our hearts inspire,  
In praise and thanks to those must all admire,  
Whose brilliant powers so happily impart,  
The chaste allurements of dramatic art !

As the bright sun from heavy clouds appears,  
Now shines the STAGE from dark untutor'd years ;  
From trick, obscenity, and rancour free,  
But more than all, vile *Prejudice* ! from thee—  
Thou that through ages too successful tried,  
With *Superstition* glaring at thy side,

To keep this gem of social life unknown,  
Thus polish'd—now are nations proud to own !  
It liv'd the stage to see a GARRICK tread,  
Then shrunk—while KEMBLE triumph'd o'er its head !—  
Their shades protect it still—for still they live,  
Tho' other names the "*fond remembrance*" give,  
In YOUNG, MACREADY, KEAN—they play their parts,  
And pierce the deep recesses of our hearts !

Yet not alone our gratitude is due,  
Ye *Thespian* heroes !—not alone to you ;  
The *comic* muse, with smiling gaysome air,  
Claims and demands its tributary share,  
How many a smile, how many a cheerful glow,  
To gay *Thalia's* various arts we owe.  
To thee, KNIGHT, MUNDEN, HARLEY !—to ye all  
Who've follow'd *Mirth's* reanimating call !  
Who've courted *Folly*, in the garb of wit,  
And with her cheerful rays our bosoms lit ;  
And though they shine not with a brilliant zest,  
A smile reflected is a sigh repress !

Past is the age, when *Nature's* rich bequest,  
Bright *Learning*, shrunk beneath the churchman's vest ;  
The gloomy church the unknown treasure hid,  
And rear'd up *Superstition* in its stead ;  
The fetter'd world obey'd its wild command,  
And ignorance and crime went hand in hand !  
In those dark times, was every object seen  
Through the false medium of religious spleen,  
The church a pile of treasure hid secure,  
Press'd from the fearful ignorance of the poor ;  
Yet still appear'd, through superstition's sight,  
The sacred throne of mercy and of right !  
In this dark age, no spot from vice exempt,  
How stood the STAGE ?—The object of contempt !  
The men who strove to cheer life's dismal scene  
Were rogues and vagabonds, despised and mean !  
But now, when "*Learning triumphs o'er her foes,*"  
The man who mitigates our human woes,  
Deserv'dly ranks among his country's bays,  
And boasts alike its bounty and its praise !

But now the STAGE, the universal STAGE !  
 Clear'd from the tarnish of th' unletter'd age,  
 Own'd and supported by the wise and great,  
 Shines forth, the pride, the boast of every state !  
 Its risen splendour gracefully combin'd,  
 Works, in return, the good of all mankind ;  
 While it abstracts the mind from real strife,  
 Imprints its blandishments on social life,  
 Points out those follies that need *but* be known,  
 To teach the treacherous bosom to disown ;  
 Unmasks the tricks, the subtleties, and snares,  
 Play'd on the world—the truth the world declares ;  
 And while it shews, in Nature's crimson drest,  
 The secret terrors of the guilty breast ;  
 It reads a lesson every mind can reach,  
 That still in vain *Philosophy* might preach ;  
 Shews, in strong light, the errors of the heart,  
 And spurs the mind to act the nobler part  
 Of virtuous life, and steers the rising youth,  
 In justice, honour, temperance, and truth !

O, may the " DRAMA " with the nation thrive,  
 And ne'er want GARRICKS—KEMBLEs—to survive !  
 Nor e'er may GARRICKS—KEMBLEs—see the age,  
 To want the splendour of—A BRITISH STAGE !

*Judd Place West.*

A.L.C.

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## THE DRAMATIC INSPECTOR.

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No. I.

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### TRAGIC ACTORS.

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MR. DRAMA,  
 THE inconveniences to which actors who personate serious parts are put, induces me to take notice of the derision into which they fall by those studious endeavours to paint the passions in the most acute manner. I the more rea-

dily do so, since in your last publication(1) appears an anecdote, wrote purposely to ridicule the emotions evinced by the pourtrayers of nature, and with intent to impress on the minds of some people a belief that they (the tragic actors) do not inwardly suffer for such outward distortions, as are necessary to describe violent torture, grief, madness, &c. &c.

To aid my understanding, I need only copy the following extracts from "*The Curiosities of Literature*," and I have no doubt but, after a perusal, it will be owned that I have not failed in my endeavours.

"MONTFLEURY, a French comedian, who was one of the first actors of his time for characters highly tragic, &c. died of the violent efforts he made in representing *Orestes*, in the '*Andromache*' of RACINE. The author of the '*Parnasse Reformé*' makes him thus express himself in the shades. There is something extremely droll in his lamentations, and it conveys a severe raillery on the inconveniences which tragic actors must certainly feel in an extreme degree.—'Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented; I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime parts, I should at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing! I have wasted my lungs in the violent emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than LE BRUN ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprise succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniac, and, consequently, strain all the parts of my body, to render them fitter to accompany these impressions. The man who would know of what I died, let him ask not if it is of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout, but let him know it is of the *Andromache*.'"

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(1) Vide page 246.



Most readers will recollect the death of BOND, who felt so exquisitely the character of *Lusignan*, in "*Zara*," which he personated, that *Zara*, when, in her turn, she addressed the old man, found him dead in his chair!

The assumption of a variety of characters, by a person of an irritable and delicate nature, may have a very serious effect on the mental faculties. This remark is founded on sufficient and well-grounded evidence. It would not be difficult to draw up a list of actors who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters; the reader may recollect many modern instances.

BARON, who was the French GARRICK, had a most elevated idea of his profession; he used to say, that tragic actors should be nursed in the laps of queens; nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for according to him, the world might see, once in a century, a *Cæsar*; but that it would take a thousand years to produce a "*Baron*;" the French writers have preserved a variety of anecdotes which testify the admirable talents he displayed.

They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors, which is not less applicable to poets and to painters; "Rules (said this sublime actor, as he was called,) may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if *passion* carries them, it will be well done; *passion knows more than art*."

F. F. COOPER.

### "MATCH-BREAKING."

MR. DRAMA,

I OBSERVE, in your last Number, that a correspondent, who signs himself "*A Frenchman*" is exceedingly hurt at our modern authors, or rather *play adapters*, not having sufficient candour to openly confess the sources from whence they purloin the materials whereof the majority of our dramatic productions now-a-days are founded.

It will not be difficult to find numerous proselytes among liberal minded men, to this doctrine; founded, as it is, in

the strictest literary justice. But before we proceed to subscribe too hastily to this principle, let us see if the French are the proper *plaintiffs* in this action. I believe I shall be born out by hundreds of my countrymen, lovers of the drama and of the arts, in what I am about to assert. I have myself repeatedly witnessed, at the metropolitan theatres, as well as at those of the principal sea-ports in France, French versions of "*Hamlet*," "*Macbeth*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," and many other of the most esteemed works of our immortal bard; but I have never seen in any French play bill yet, the name of SHAKSPEARE. In the Dutch and German theatres, I have also seen representations of the aforesaid pieces, but they are always *said to be translated from the French!*

I have likewise repeatedly detected, on the French stage, the plots and incidents of our most admired comedies of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, and others, of too ancient a date to justify the presumption that they might have been originally French.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

H.

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## DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

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"A thing of shreds and patches."—*Hamlet*.

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### 44.—ROYAL CRITICISM.

In a second folio edition of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, formerly in the possession of Mr. STEEVENS, and once belonging to King CHARLES I. his majesty has made a verbal correction in the third part of "*King Henry VI.*" Act V. Scene 7, by assigning this speech from *Clarence* to *King Edward* :—

"Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks."

## 45.—“THE VILLAGE LAWYER.”

This excellent little afterpiece is spuriously printed, and assigned, without foundation, to the pen of Mr. MACCREADY, who wrote the “*Irishman in London*.” It is a translation from the French, by Mr. CHARLES LYONS, the conductor of a school in the vicinity of Dublin, where he takes an annual benefit at the Crow Street Theatre, and produces a manuscript comedy, called “*Templar’s Tricks*,” with an annunciation of the fact we have just recorded.

*Theat. Inq. Aug. 1817.*

## 46.—HISSING.

In 1772, the King of Denmark prohibited hissing in the Copenhagen Theatres, or any equivalent marks of disapprobation. This despotic order was occasioned by a riot at one of the houses, which arose from an author having exposed a critic on the stage, who had treated his works with uncommon severity.

## 47.—“THE MAN OF THE WORLD.”

This comedy, by MACKLIN, was long performed under its original appellation of “*The True born Scotchman*,” and was so announced at the Capel Street Theatre, Dublin, 1771, when the author played *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*.

## 48.—SHYLOCK,

In the “*Merchant of Venice*,” should assuredly wear a large red cross, embroidered upon his shoulder, the senate of Venice having passed an edict to mortify the Jews, many of whom quitted their territory to avoid its infliction, that no Israelite should appear upon the Rialto without the emblem or badge above specified.

## 49.—HENRY FIELDING.

One of this author’s farces having been hissed from the stage, when published, instead of the usual annunciation,

"As it was performed, &c." he substituted a more correct reading, "*As it was damned* at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane." This laudable species of candour has not since been copied by any of the writers whose productions have experienced the same fate, but I earnestly recommend it to their imitation.

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#### 50.—GARRICK.

In June, 1771, Mr. FISHER, superintendant of the Empress CATHARINE's theatre, at St. Petersburg, offered Mr. GARRICK two thousand guineas for four performances at that place, which were refused.

About the same time, a full length picture of this great actor was painted in London, by order of the King of Denmark, to be placed in his palace at Copenhagen.

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#### 51.—HENRY HIGDEN,

A dramatic writer of the seventeenth century, wrote a comedy, called the "*Wary Widow*," in which he introduced so many drinking scenes, that the actors were completely drunk before the end of the third act, and being therefore unable to proceed with the play, they dismissed the audience.

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#### 52.—VANDERMERE.

This performer was the most complete *Harlequin* that ever trod the stage. His agility was to the last degree astonishing. He has leaped through a window on the stage, when pursued by the *Clown*, full thirteen feet high. Whenever his performance was announced in the Dublin play-bills, it attracted a crowded house. One night, when he had a prodigious leap to execute, the persons behind the scenes, who were to have received him in a blanket, not being duly prepared, he fell, of course, upon the boards, and was miserably bruised. This accident occasioned him to take a solemn oath, that he would never take another leap upon the stage; nor did he violate his

vow, for when he afterwards played *Harlequin*, GEORGE DAWSON, another actor, about his size, and of considerable activity, was equipped with the party-coloured habit, and when a leap was necessary, VANDERMERE passed off on one side of the stage, as DAWSON entered at the other, and undertook it. VANDERMERE then returned, and continued his business.

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### 53.—“THE BUSY BODY.”

This play, by Mrs. CENTLIVRE, was decried before its appearance by all the players, and Mr. WILKS, the original *Sir George Airy*, refused, for some time, to accept a part in it. The audience went to the theatre so far prejudiced against it as to contemplate its condemnation, and yet received it so favourably, that it enjoyed a run of thirteen nights, and still ranks high upon the list of our popular performances.

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### 54.—FOOTE.

It is an old true maxim, “*that ridicule is by no means a test of truth*,” and yet it is an equally ancient remark, that many a serious truth has been put out of countenance by ridicule, and *that* ridicule not by wit or humour.

In a song of GARRICK’s, sung by Mrs. CIBBER, there was this line :—

“The roses will bloom, when there’s peace in the breast ;”  
of the justice of which no man can entertain a doubt ;  
FOOTE, however, parodied the line, thus :—

“The turtles will coo when there’s peace in the craw,”  
and actually destroyed the popularity of the song.

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### 55.—WIGNELL (THE ACTOR.)

One of Mr. SHERIDAN’s favourite characters was *Cato*, and at its revival at Covent Garden Theatre, a Mr. WIGNELL assumed his old established part of *Portius*, and having stepped forward, in the first scene, with a prodigious (though accustomed) strut, began—

"The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers,  
And heavily, with clouds, brings on the day."

At this moment, the audience began to vociferate "Prologue! prologue! prologue!" when WIGNELL, finding them resolute, without emotion, pause, or change of voice, but in all the pomp of tragedy, proceeded, as if it were part of the play, to

"Ladies and gentlemen, there has been no  
Prologue spoken to this play, these twenty years—  
The great, the important day, big with the fate  
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*."

This wonderful effusion put the audience in good humour; they laughed immoderately, clapped, and shouted "*Bravo!*" still WIGNELL continued, with his usual stateliness and composure.

#### 56.—"THE FAIR PENITENT."

"I shall mention, as my last note, an accident that fell out at this play the first season it was performed in 1699, which I gathered from that stage chronicle Mr. JOHN BOWMAN.

"*Lothario*, after he is killed by *Altamont*, in the fourth act, lies dead by proxy in the fifth, raised on a bier, covered with black cloth by the property man, and the face whitened by the barber, the coat and perriwig generally filled by one of the dressers. Most of the capital actors, in the established theatres, have generally a dresser to themselves, though they are paid by the manager to be ready on all occasions, for stage guards, attendants, &c.

"Mr. POWELL played 'the gallant gay *Lothario*,' and one WARREN, his dresser, claimed a right of lying for his master, and performing the dead part, which he proposed to act to the best advantage, though POWELL was ignorant of the matter. The fifth act began, and went on as usual, with applause; but about the middle of the distressful scene, POWELL called aloud for his man WARREN, who as loudly replied, from the bier on the stage, 'Here, sir.' POWELL (who, as I have said before, was ignorant of the

part his man was doing) repeated, without loss of time, 'Come here, this moment, you son of a w—e, or I'll break all the bones in your skin.' WARREN knew his hasty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off, with all his sables about him, which, unfortunately were tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragged after him. But this was not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor WARREN so much, that, with the bier at his tail, he threw down *Calista* [Mrs. BARRY], and overwhelmed her with the table, lamps, books, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-house. He tugged till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape, and the play at once ended, with immoderate fits of laughter; even the grave Mr. BETTERTON 'smiled at the tumult, and enjoyed the storm;' but he would not let '*The Fair Penitent*' be played any more that season, till poor WARREN's misconduct was something forgot."

CHETWOOD.

## 57.—AFFECTING APPEAL.

LINTON, a musician, belonging to the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, was murdered by street robbers, who were afterwards discovered and executed. A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children, and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints.

## THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

*For the Benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.*

"The widow," said *Charity*, whispering me in the ear, "must have your mite; wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box ticket."

"You may have one for five shillings," observed *Avarice*, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and thumb, slipped out.

"Yes," said I, "she shall have my five shillings."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed *Justice*, "what are you about?—Five shillings!—If you pay but five shillings for

going into the theatre, then you get value received for your money."

"And I shall owe you no thanks," added *Charity*, laying her hand on my heart, and leading me on the way to the widow's house.

Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw *Avarice* turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money grasped in my hand.

"Is your mother at home, my dear," said I, to a child who conducted me into a parlour.

"Yes," answered the infant; "but my father has not been at home for a great while; that is his harpsichord, and that is his violin; he used to play on them for me."

"Shall I play you a tune, my boy?" said I.

"No, sir," answered the boy; "my mother will not let them be touched; for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry." I looked on the violin—it was unstrung; I touched the harpsichord—it was out of tune. Had the lyre of *Orpheus* sounded in my ear, it could not have insinuated into my heart, thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt.—It was the spirit in unison with the flesh.

"I hear my mother on the stairs," said the child.

I shook him by the hand. "Give her this, my lad," said I, and left the house.

It rained—I called a coach—drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.

#### 58.—DRAMATIC BULL.

In a sorry tragedy, called "*The Fall of Tarquin*," written by one HUNT, there is a description of a forest, in which the author has this ludicrous line:—

"And the tall trees stood circling in a row."

Lambeth, Nov. 1, 1821.

GLANVILLE.



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## THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

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No. IV.

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BY J. W. DALBY.

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### RAVENSTONE AND ALICE OF HUNTINGDON.

*Scene the Private Chamber of the Bishop of Winchester. (1)*

RAVENSTONE alone, and disguised in the huge rochet or lawn garment of the Bishop, standing beside a coffer, in which is a deep silver bowl, with a chain poised exactly in its centre.

Ravenstone. "Within my private chamber thou wilt find  
An open coffer—fix this signet-ring  
Unto the silver chain; then listen well,  
And tell to me alone what thou mayst hear;  
But do this dark deed in the noon of night,  
When neither eye nor ear, except thine own,  
May mark or heed it."—These were GARDINER's words,  
And I obey them.—I affix the ring.—

*(He places the ring on the chain, the latter vibrates of itself, and strikes the bowl three times.)*

Mystic enough! and fitting to prepare  
The mind for what may follow!

*(ALICE OF HUNTINGDON enters, and stands by his side.)*

Alice. I have heard  
Your summons, and I now await your will.

Ravenstone. *(Alarmed, but hiding his fears, and putting himself in a posture that favoured his disguise.)* Woman, I  
need not give my will a voice,  
If you possess the wisdom that you claim;  
Where is your skill in divination, if  
You know not what I need?

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(1) STEPHEN GARDINER, the celebrated high chancellor to Queen MARY.

*Alice.* Well, well, my lord ;  
I have been studying your ruling planet,  
And as your wishes are beyond all count,  
I cannot trace them in your destiny ;  
But I have read the signs of MARY TUDOR'S,  
And ken which of her lofty officers  
Will lose his staff to-night.

*Ravenstone.* And knowest thou, ALICE,  
The marks of this man's visage ?

*Alice.* Hear them, sir,  
A swarthy colour, hanging look, stern brows,  
Keen eyes, set deeply in his head, and nose  
Called aquiline, wide nostrils, which aye snuff  
The wind, a sparrow mouth, and on his feet,  
What are not nails, but talons, through the which  
He shuffles in his gait, as in his actions.—  
This is a picture of his shape and visage.  
Doat thou know him, my Lord of Winchester ?

*Ravenstone.* Know him, fair devil ! yes, and he hath put  
His fate in felon hands ; his trust is in  
A witch whose blue eyes shame the glorious heavens,  
That lend their colour to hypocrisy ;  
A woman of strange beauty, which hath power,  
Aided by the soft flattery of her voice,  
To make boys deem the tree she loves is blest,  
And that the fountain which she smiles upon  
Is by that smile made holy !—Now she serves  
Two masters ; one whose age hath made him doat,  
The other blinded by his youth and folly.

(*Here RAVENSTONE throws off his disguise, and seizing  
ALICE exclaims,*)

The warrant—it is midnight, and they wait—  
Where is the warrant that will save my friend ?—  
My friend, JOHN BRADFORD, the beloved, the wronged,  
The injured, innocent, and venerable ?

*Alice.* 'Tis here, and only needs thy sign and seal ;  
This is the writing of our queen.

*Ravenstone.* (*Taking the parchment.*) In sooth,  
ALICE, thou art deceived, or wouldst deceive ;  
This is a marriage contract, that invests thee  
With the lands of GILES RUFFORD as thy dower.

*Alice.* And unto whom, by the Queen's manual sign,  
Am I empowered to give it?

*Ravenstone.* (*Again perusing the parchment, and discovering that his own name has been entered, and himself chosen for the husband of Queen MARY's maid of honour.*)  
Very well—

And has she also signed my friend's reprieve?

*Alice.* Aye, RAVENSTONE, I hold it in my hand;  
But yet the saving seal may not be placed  
Till thou hast given sign and seal to this.

*Ravenstone.* (*Taking from her hand the contract, and signing it.*) Now, my fair witch, I trust thou art content!

*Alice.* Yes, this fulfils my bosom's fondest wish;  
(*Placing her own name upon the parchment.*)  
Now take thy friend's salvation pledge, fair youth,  
And joy be with you.

*Ravenstone.* ALICE, I am blest.

Aye, this reprieve is full and perfect, all  
But the chancellor's seal, which I'll affix.

(*Turns, and discovers that the coffer has closed upon the chancellor's signet ring.*)

Almighty God! am I thus fooled, thus gulled;  
Then all is over, and my friend must die.

(*Tries to open the coffer, but finds it in vain.*)

Accursed witch; dark and dissembling fiend!  
Hell's tortures be upon thee, and about thee,  
Hereafter and for ever!

*Alice.* Blame thyself;—

Blame thyself, RAVENSTONE! thou hast often laughed  
At tales of imps and fairies, yet thou hadst  
Enough of woman's weakness left to pry  
Into that coffer, and expect to see  
Some wondrous miracle. Didst thou not think  
Thy master had sufficient wit to plan  
A safe place for his ring? and wilt thou say  
That it was thy obedience that urged  
The deed?—No, 'twas thy curiosity.  
Didst think that I came hither like a sylph,  
Nor heard the stroke upon the silver bowl,  
Which told me thou wert here? Ah, RAVENSTONE,  
Man's vanity is the sole witch that wields him.

*Ravenstone.* Beautiful demon! when the cunning priest  
That teaches thee thy craft shall need it not,  
Will the great prince of fire, thine other master,  
Preserve thee from the stake?

*Alice.* My trust is in myself!

*(Throwing her cloak to the ground, and loosening her  
bright hair till it falls to her feet.)*

Be thou no rebel to my power, for it  
Alone can be thy safety! Thy stern master  
Hath ordered BRADFORD'S death without appeal,  
And feigned his dream of danger but to lure  
Thee here; but I have earned a fair estate  
By serving him, and thou mayst share it with me.

*Ravenstone.* Mayst share it with thee, thou angelic fiend!  
ALICE, thy wages are not yet paid to thee!  
That fair estate is thine; that contract can  
Avail thee nothing, nought without my will;  
For HENRY RAVENSTONE is a name as false  
As was thy promise to preserve my friend!

*Alice.* *(Pausing, then laughing shrilly, and clapping  
her hands thrice.)* Well then, for vengeance! RAVENSTONE  
thou diest,

And BRADFORD dies, and ALICE is avenged!—

*(At this instant the room is filled with armed men, who  
surround and strike down their victim, notwith-  
standing his desperate defence.)*

*First Ruffian.* This is not STEPHEN OF WINCHESTER,  
and we

Shall have no gold for this!

*Second Ruffian.* Aye, but it is  
RUFFORD OF HUNTINGDON, and I am paid!

*(Stabbing RAVENSTONE.)*

*(ALICE endeavours to escape, but the length of her  
dishevelled hair enables her treacherous accomplices  
to seize it, and she is taken out in their custody. (1))*

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(1) "She was dragged to Newgate, on a charge of sorcery, and executed the next morning by JOHN BRADFORD'S side, in male attire, lest her rare loveliness should excite compassion."

\* \* I am indebted for the above scene, and much of the language, to a very interesting article, entitled "*Secrets of Cabalism*," which may be found in No. XIII. of OXBERRY'S "*Flowers of Literature*."

Sept. 1821.

## ON THE LIVES OF ACTORS. (1)

When O'KEEFE brought out his comedy of "*Wild Oats*," the actors, if they knew their own interest, would strain every nerve in order that the play might pass. The piece, however, tinged as it is with the tendency to farce incident to the genius of its author, has stamina enough to live without pampering. It is an apology for the life of an actor, and is better than that of GEORGE ANN BELLAMY, and almost as amusing and sprightly as that of COLLEY CIBBER, which is saying something. Not that the work of the vivacious hero of the *Dunctad* has not other and higher merits; but they are foreign to the comparison. O'KEEFE has, in his comedy, done for the players what CUMBERLAND tried to do for the Jews. Whether the better success of the former is owing to the greater ability of the writer, or to the greater truth of the character, may be a matter of dispute. The public seems to incline to the latter opinion. *Rover* retains his popularity, whilst *Sheva* is forgotten. The "*credat Judæus*" seems, in this instance, to have taken complete possession of "the many-headed monster," as somebody has courteously designated the people. I, for my part, have always been attached above measure to the stage, and interested in every thing connected with it. What is more satisfactory—those, of whom I have had reason, through life, to think the best, have been so too. There is no need for shame in confessing that some of "the greenest spots on memory's waste" owe, with me, their hue to the theatre. Those who have studied the human mind, or even attended to the nature of their own preceptions, will allow that some of our strongest impressions are produced by the power of

(1) From "*BLACKWOOD'S Edinburgh Magazine*."

fiction. My recollection of the feelings, with which I first read *Clarissa* does not yield in intensity to any remembrance of those arising out of real events. My imagination cannot, to this hour, recur to that book without an uneasy and miserable sensation, which one would almost suppose to be akin to the hypochondriacal. That this holds equally with pleasant recollections, is equally supposable. With me, the drama has been most prolific of happy associations. I find I have decidedly preferred the company and conversation of those who thought of it like myself, and have, for the most part, unconsciously, perhaps, associated with such. They who meet at a theatre are, nine times out of ten, in the state of mind most likely to render such meetings agreeable. The lobby is a sort of coffee-house for the "*Literæ humaniores*," from which wrangling politics are excluded, and where the presence of beauty is not an intrusion.

The fate of the children of Thespis has been perversely hard. Whilst many an institution, of an origin none of the most respectable, is applauded, and its ministers honoured, the servants of the drama, which, both ancient and modern, arose ("mark it *Cæsario*," ) out of religious ceremonies, are vilified and calumniated. In what sort of estimation the ancient actors were held, may be a difficult matter to settle. Laberius was deprived of his equestrian rank for appearing on the stage, to which he was compelled by *Cæsar*; and from some passages of *Juvenal*, it would seem to be quite evident, that in his time, the Roman actors, excepting perhaps the very highest, were held in that kind of contempt, to which those connected with public amusements appear to be more or less liable. In modern Italy, they are very lightly held. In France, the church refuses the last rites to the body of the "profane stage-player;" besides charitably insinuating the probability of his soul being, in the phrase of honest but implacable *Captain Crowe*, "five fathom by the line of burning brimstone." In England they are, as it were, out of the pale of the law, and punishable as vagabonds; unless, indeed, they happen to be "his majesty's servants," which alters the case. Against usage like this, it would require a most superabundant abundance of good character

to bear up ; nor is it to be wondered at, that the whole body has been bent down under the weight of much illiberal and much absolutely unfounded prejudice. I do not wish to mince the matter either way. It is not my intention to deny, that the condition of an actor renders him peculiarly liable to certain vices. But I would just venture to hint, that these vices are of a kind peculiarly obnoxious to those " wise in their generation," called prudent people ; who, in consequence, more prudently than charitably, keep at too great a distance to find out his virtues. When I hear the wearers of the sock and buskin run down by wholesale, remote as they are from those to whom the observation applies, it always puts me in mind of poor BURNS's assertion of his often having *found* in the class called " blackguards," honour, honesty, benevolence, " and even modesty." He certainly would not scruple to make the search ; and on a matter of this sort I would take his word for a thousand pounds. There are those who would have affected to think the discovery quite as surprising, had he professed to have made it in the green-room. To such it is really hardly worth while to reply.

I have been told, that I am not to estimate the character of the profession from those eminent performers who have risen to its head. They who told me so, forgot to advert to the circumstance of many of those very ladies and gentlemen having risen from the lower ranks of that profession, where they must have acquired, or at least preserved, those virtues, for which they are now esteemed. It is not, however, from the metropolitan performer, that I form my estimate of the lives of actors. The provincial town in which I have passed the greater part of my life affords sufficiently ample, and, probably, fairer materials.

It may sound a little ill-omened, to begin by saying, that actors were, a few years ago, more respectable than now—I should have said more respected, for that is what I mean. The friends of the drama assign a variety of causes for this. Some will lay it upon the late dinners and routs—some upon the hard times—some upon the increased pride of the middle ranks—and some upon the Methodists. For my part, I lay it upon them all together. Theatres have

declined in many ways ; and, according to the way of the world, actors have declined with their circumstances. Neither plays nor players are like what they were. An exotic from the hot-bed of London may sometimes draw a crowd of spectators, and a thunder of applause—but the taste itself is less intense.

### O'KEEFE's "*PATRICK IN PRUSSIA*."

The principal incident in this laughable little opera was suggested by the following anecdote of the great King of Prussia.

The king used to dress in so plain a manner, that when he travelled about his states, such of his subjects as did not know him treated him with no other respect than they would an ordinary man. Once as he was riding about Berlin, without attendants, and very plainly clad, he perceived a young woman digging in the fields, of a gigantic stature, being near seven feet high. It is well known, that the king had a particular predilection for tall men ; and as his greatest passion lay that way, he spared no expense to procure them from all parts of Europe, for forming, as he did, his regiment of giants and grenadiers out of them. At sight of this tall woman, he imagined that a couple of the kind must produce very large children. He dismounted, and, coming up to the peasant, entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear she was but nineteen years old, still a virgin, and that her father was a shoemaker. Hereupon he sat down and wrote the following note to the colonel of his guards :

*"You are to marry the bearer of this note with the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order ; 'tis absolute ; and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight."*

The king gave this letter to the young woman, without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver it punctually according to the directions, and not to fail, as



it was on an affair of great consequence; he afterwards made her a handsome present, and continued his route. The young woman, who had not the least imagination that it was the king that spoke to her, believing it was indifferent whether the letter was delivered by another, so it came safe to hand, made a bargain with an old woman, whom she charged with the commission, laying an express injunction on her to say that she had it from a man of such a garb and mein. The old woman faithfully executed her message. The colonel, surprised at the contents of the letter, could not reconcile them with the age and figure of the bearer; yet, the order being peremptory, he thought he could not without danger recede from obeying, and fancied that his master wanted to punish the soldier for some misdemeanour by matching him in so disagreeable a manner. In short, the marriage was celebrated before him, to the great regret of the grenadier; whilst the old woman, exulting with joy, assumed an air of the highest satisfaction.

Some time after, the king, on his return to Berlin, was eager to see the couple he had ordered to be married. When presented to him, he fell into a very desperate passion. The colonel in vain endeavoured to justify himself, and the king was implacable till the old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to heaven, and thanking Providence for conferring on her a benefit the more signal and acceptable to her, as unexpected.

*Lambeth, Aug. 24, 1821.*

GLANVILLE.

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## NAT LEE.

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### MR. DRAMA,

Looking over some of the plays of this truly original author, the other day, I could not but be much surprised at their remaining so long undisturbed on the dust and cobweb covered shelves of days gone by. 'Tis a silent and obscure place he by no means deserves to remain in, food for the moth or the industrious mouse, and only preserved from the more rapidly destroying hand of the cheesemonger and

chandler, by some old traders of the old school, who would rather suffer an article to eat itself up two or three times than sell it, or rather give it away as they would call it, without a profit. NAT LEE does not merit this obscurity—he ought not to be allowed to sink into the “*tomb of all the Capulets*,” and only requires to be drawn forth to be admired as a writer, almost as much as Major MOHUN admired him as a reader.

Why was he destined to be born above,  
By midwife honour to the light convey'd,  
Fame's darling, the bright infant of high love,  
Crown'd, and in empire's golden cradle laid?

Was it to sink into oblivion, and pass away with a glimmering “brief as the lightning of the collied night?” I hope not—for though he is sometimes mad, “yet there's method in it,” and his extravagance is that of a poet—the fantastic flights of his exuberant “ungoverned fancy” bear the stamp of true genius, which can never be so closely imitated as to escape detection.

There is an old proverbial expression, “give a dog a bad name, and hang him.” NAT received a bad name from his cotemporaries, which laid him on the shelf, and still keeps him there. We occasionally meet with an anecdote of interest relating to him, but it only excites among the million the question, “*who was NAT LEE?*”—“Oh! some old fustian play-wright, I suppose, who formerly used, but has long since ceased to waste good pens, ink, and paper, and much more valuable time in writing ‘*preludes and interludes, yea all lewd.*’ Nobody knows any thing of him, or cares any thing about him now, except the lovers and admirers of every thing that is old and good for nothing.” This is all the information generally to be obtained; and it is most frequently quite sufficient to stifle the rising curiosity, so that he is again forgotten, and is still likely to be so—for though he has many beauties, yet he has also many blemishes, and to get at the former, like that delicious transparent various-coloured fruit with which our gardens are so abundantly supplied—the gooseberry—or that universal favourite among the admirers of Flora, the rose—special care must be taken, or a wound more or less severe

is sure to be received in the attempt. But this danger does not prevent us from culling the flower and picking the fruit, still less ought it to deter us from the careful examination of NAT—and depend upon it those who take the trouble will be amply rewarded—that is, if they do not mind travelling a long dusty road, under a burning sun, in Malta, for the pleasure of regaling in an orange grove, and reclining under its refreshing shade—or if they would condescend to pick a pearl from an heap of rubbish, without caring about the soil that might attach itself to their fingers in performing the operation.

One of the blemishes to which I have alluded is so common to all real poets, that it is in many instances excusable—I mean plagiarism. The same thought may occur to many, and where it is expressed by different writers in very different language, it ceases to be so. When similar words are employed, it is sometimes to be overlooked—it may arise from the individuals pursuing the same line of conduct, or unconsciously falling into the same train of feeling and observation, or from imperfect recollection—all may express wonder and admiration at the works of creation, and may have the same thoughts upon them, without being adjudged guilty of this offence. But to the instance I would direct your attention to in NAT LEE, I cannot find any of these excuses applicable. I met with several passages which appeared to me like old friends in a new dress, but as I do not recollect when I have seen them before, I shall take no note of them. The following I detected by happening to read both about the same time, *Machiavel* in the murdering and cursing *Cæsar Borgia* exclaims—

“Now by your wrongs, that turn my heart to steel,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain's top,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.”

Which bears, I think, rather more than an accidental resemblance to the following short speech of *Suffolk* in the second scene of the third act of the first, (commonly called the second) part of “*King Henry the Sixth*.” After cursing those who had caused his banishment upon the provocation of the “Ungentle Queen, who called him gentle *Suf-*

folk," in a speech of some eighteen or twenty lines, Margaret stops him with—

"Enough, sweet *Suffolk*; thou torment'st thyself;  
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,  
Or like an overcharged gun—recoil  
And turn the force upon thyself."

To which he replies—

"You bade me ban, and will you bade me leave?  
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport."

If these few observations, hastily thrown together, should be thought deserving a place in your interesting Miscellany, by inserting them you will oblige your constant reader,

RUPERT.

## SHAKSPERIANA.

No. V.

*Being a Collection of Anecdotes, Fragments, and Remarks, relating to SHAKSPEARE—with critiques and observations on his Dramatic powers and compositions, original and select.*

By G. CREED.

"Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,  
Who first created, and yet rules the stage,  
Bold to design, all powerful to express,  
SHAKSPEARE each passion drew in every dress:  
Great above rule, and imitating none,  
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own."

MALLEY

28.—SHAKSPEARE'S CHAIR.

Mr. BURNETT, in his "View of the present state of Po

It will be  
descripti

land," p. 257, gives the following account of this interesting relic of our bard :—

"The princess Czartoryska has amassed a considerable collection of curiosities of various descriptions. Amongst these the reader may judge of my surprise on discovering in Poland—the *chair of Shakspeare*! It was one day sent for to the saloon ;—a pretty large chair soon made its appearance, and seemingly consisted of one entire piece of wood, the back being plain, and somewhat ornamented at the sides ; but what appeared to me the strangest circumstance of all was, that the whole was painted or stained of a faint or delicate green colour. Being left, to wonder for awhile at appearances which I found myself unable to explain, from the little knowledge I possessed of the antiquities of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, some hand was placed on the back of the chair, a great *case* was uplifted, and behold, a little plain ordinary and whitish wooden chair appeared, such as might haply be found in most of our cottages of the present day! This relic of our revered bard the princess procured some years ago when she was in England, and paid for it a very considerable sum ; I was told, as much as three hundred pounds !"

A commentator on the above passage, observes, "It was said the princess was duped, as others have been, and that this chair in reality had never belonged to SHAKSPEARE. The persons who lived in the house in which he was born, finding that all their visitors were extremely desirous of possessing something which had belonged to the bard, manufactured amongst many other things, a number of chairs, which were all of them disposed of, one after the other, as the identical chair in which SHAKSPEARE had been accustomed to sit."

#### 29.—JAQUES, IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

The melancholy of *Jaques*, in "*As you like it*," is as singular and odd as it is diverting ; and if what HORACE says,

"*Difficile est proprie communia dicere*,"

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life,

though the thought be old and common enough. His images are every where so lively, that the thing he would represent, stands full before you, and you possess every part of it.—*Rowe's Life of Shakspeare.*

### 30.—SHAKSPEARE FOND OF PUNNING.

From the propensity of punning, his plays prove, that SHAKSPEARE was by no means free ; the following instance is related in a collection of anecdotes, preserved with the Harleian manuscripts, and entitled "*Merry Passages and Jest.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE being at a certain time on terms of familiarity and friendship with BEN JONSON, before the latter had become jealous and envious of his rising merits, stood godfather to a child of BEN'S, who demanded of him in a pleasant way what gift he would bestow, as the custom was. "I have just been thinking," replied the Warwickshire bard, "and am determined to give the boy a dozen latten spoons, and thou shalt *translate* them."

### 31.

"The only *ancient* prodigy of England was SHAKSPEARE ; his numbers are often not less sweet, than his conceptions are sublime and original. Had only a few of his best scenes and dramas descended to us, well might the moderns exclaim that the loss of the rest was irreparable. Yet even in this mighty genius, something is to be forgiven, and something to be rejected. Where he possesses his true inspiration, he never was nor ever will be equalled. "Nature," as POPE says, "speaks through him."—*Richardson.*

### 32.

The comprehensive SHAKSPEARE tells us, that "*All the World's a Stage.*" I think every reader will join with me in saying, that the poet's position is but the converse of another, and an equal truism ;—*His stage is all the World.*

### 33.

One of the noblest proofs of the superiority of our "im-

mortal bard" over every other, is the power he possesses always to appear *natural*. In the sublimest of his conceptions where he introduces us to the immaterial world, and leads us to the moon-light revels of the fairy crew—on the "heath-flowered mountain," we do not so much as suppose such a representation to be impossible. The ragged sublimity of *Caliban*, the gossamer grace of *Ariel*, or the horror thrilling orgies of the "Weird Sisters"—seem all to possess the spell of reality and actual being. Such is the magic of SHAKSPEARE's power; so transcendant the lustre of his genius, which is merely affected by the skill he possesses never to produce them in *unnatural* situations. Every one appears in the province our fancy has allotted it—they possess no corporeal passions to clog the light essence of their being, and they rise upon the fancy with all the light idea of a dream, and appearing "like shadows, so depart."

## 34.

Our greatest dramatist, even at the present day, is, I suspect, more talked of than read, by many persons; who would nevertheles be highly offended were any one to express a doubt of their intimate knowledge of his writings. These good people, never suspect while they are sitting at the theatre witnessing *Lear*, *Richard III.* and the *Tempest*, that the plays performed under those titles differ in anyway from the productions of SHAKSPEARE; and fancy they are applauding *him*, while in reality they are bestowing their admiration upon TATE, CIBBER, and D'AVENANT. It would, however, be difficult to meet with any one now-a-days, so totally uninformed upon the subject, as our great grandfathers appear to have been about a century ago. Annexed to an edition of SHAKSPEARE, published in numbers by JACOB TONSON, in 1734, is the following announcement:—

"N. B. Whereas one R. WALKER, has proposed to pirate all SHAKSPEARE's plays; but, through ignorance of what plays are SHAKSPEARE's, did, in several advertisements, *propose to print* 'Oedipus King of Thebes' as one of SHAKSPEARE's plays; and has since printed TATE's 'King Lear' instead of SHAKSPEARE's; and in that, and 'Hamlet,' has omitted almost one half of the genuine editions, printed

by TONSON and other proprietors :—the world will therefore judge how likely they are to have a compleat collection of SHAKSPEARE's plays from the said R. WALKER."

*Brit. Stag. v. 5.*

### 35.—SHAKSPEARE'S FLUELLIN.

*(From Jones's History of Brecknockshire.)*

"In consequence of an affray in the high-street of Brecknock, in which DAVID unfortunately killed his kinsman RITSIART FAWR O'R SLWCH, he was compelled to fly into England, and, to avoid a threatened prosecution for the murder, attached himself to the Lancastrian party, to whose interest he ever afterwards most faithfully adhered. There can be little doubt but that SHAKSPEARE, in his burlesque character of FLUELLIN, intended DAVID GAM, though for obvious reasons, as his descendants were then well known and respected at the English court, he chose to disguise his name. I have called FLUELLIN a burlesqued character, because his pribbles and prabbles which are generally out-heroded, sound ludicrously to an English, as well as a Welch ear ; yet after all, LLEWELLYN is a brave soldier and an honest fellow ; he is admitted into a considerable degree of intimacy with the king, and stands high in his good opinion, which is a strong presumptive proof ; notwithstanding SHAKSPEARE, the better to conceal his object, describes the death of Sir David GAM, that he intended DAVID LLEWELLYN by this portrait of the testy Welchman, for there was no other person of that country in the English army who could have been supposed to have been upon such terms of familiarity with the king ; and it must be observed that LLEWELLYN was the name by which he was known in that army, and not 'GAM,' or 'squinting,' for which epithet, though it was afterwards assumed by his family, he would probably have knocked down any man who dared to address him. By his behaviour on the memorable day of Agincourt, he in some measure made amends for a life of violence and rapine, and raised his posterity into riches and respect ; but alas ! how weak, how idle is family pride, how unstable is worldly wealth !—At different periods between the years 1550 and 1700, I have seen the descendants of the hero of Agincourt, (who lived like a wolf, and



died like a lion) in possession of every acre of ground, in the county of Brecon; at the commencement of the 18th century, I find one of them common bellman of the town of Brecknock, and before the conclusion, two others supported by the inhabitants of the parish where they reside, and even the name of GAM, is, in the legitimate line extinct."

## THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"The STAGE I choose—a subject fair and free;  
'Tis your's,—'tis mine,—'tis public property."

CHURCHILL.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Oct. 27. — Gerald Duval — Coronation — Monsieur Tonson

(The same performances continued on the 29th, 30th, 31st, and November 1st.)

3.—Folly as it Flies—Ibid—Spectre Bridegroom.

This comedy, judiciously cut down from five acts into three, was revived this evening, and Mr. MUNDEN made his first bow this season, as *Peter Post Obit*. He was most warmly received. His admirable assumption of the pliant subserviency of the legacy-hunter; the trembling consciousness of his cowardly sophistications to escape the alternative of a duel; the triumphant air of self-gratulation with which he propounds his device for divesting the affair of its danger; the transport of assumed valour with which he swaggers and flourishes his pistol when all is over; and the grotesque and coxcombical air of effrontery with which he afterwards flings his card, and threatens the Doctor with satisfaction, formed an exquisite treat. Mr. ELLISTON rattled through the part of the thoughtless, dissipated spendthrift, *Tom Tick*, with uncommon spirit. The whim and humour of HARLEY were successfully exerted in *Doctor Infallible*, and KNIGHT was quite at

home, in the honest, affectionate, and benevolent rustic, *Gilbert*. Mr. COOPER's declamation in *Leonard*, was well suited to the character, and Mrs. EDWIN and Miss SMITHSON, in addition, contrived to keep the audience in good humour, in spite of the inherent dullness of the composition.

5.—MAID OR WIFE? or, *the Deceiver Deceived*, [First time]—Ibid—Giovanni in London.

The plot of this musical piece runs thus :—

*Sir George Rakewell* [ELLISTON], a married libertine, professes the utmost affection and fidelity to his lady. He has an extreme aversion to married servants, insomuch, that an annuity which he has granted to *Ready* [HARLEY], his *valet-de-chambre*, is to terminate the moment the latter should enter the holy state of matrimony. *Ready* is unfortunately already (privately) married to *Fanny* [Miss COPELAND], an interesting peasant girl. *Lady Rakewell* [Miss SMITHSON], having just gone to visit a relation, the piece opens with a scene between *Sir George* and *Ready*, in which he gives all his servants permission to amuse themselves for the remainder of the day, and goes himself in search of *Fanny*, whom he had seen by accident some time previously. But instead of extending this indulgence to his fellow-servants, *Ready* turns it to serve his own purpose, orders an excellent dinner, and desires that the chariot may be in readiness for him, to take an airing. An interview then takes place between *Ready* and *Fanny*, she goes home to dress for the day. *Sir George* returns, after having sought in vain for the pretty villager, and is on the point of setting off again on the same pursuit, when *Fanny* unexpectedly enters, and is recognized by him. *Sir George* is persuaded this was planned by *Ready*, as a surprise, and expresses his gratification. *Sir George* laments the absence of his servants, which precludes him from being able to entertain her at dinner, and afterwards set her down, when dinner and the chariot are announced. He overwhelms *Ready* with acknowledgments for these new proofs of attention, and sits down to dinner. *Ready* attending, and dreading the result, sends an express to *Lady Rakewell*, that *Sir George* has been taken ill. A variety of comic situations occur. *Ready's* jealousy

struggles with his desire to retain his annuity. *Lady Rakewell* arrives, and after expressing their mutual astonishment at the false report of *Sir George's* illness, she discovers *Fanny*, whom *Ready* claims as his wife, to the delight of *Sir George*, who believes this to be another instance of *Ready's* zeal for his service and pleasures. An *eclaircissement* at length ensues, but *Ready* is dismissed from his service of *valet*, but appointed steward, at the intercession of the lady. *Sir George* being rather shy of a full explanation, and the conclusion leaves the group in perfect good humour and satisfaction.

The piece is derived from a French farce of some celebrity, by Captain LIVIUS, a gentleman some few years since well known in the fashionable circles, and as a dramatic amateur of great celebrity. It was well received. The songs are aptly interwoven, and the music is judiciously composed. The actors were, as usual, excellent. One of the most interesting attractions was the first appearance of Miss COPELAND, from the Surrey. She is a lady of very interesting manners; has a natural elegance, and constitutional energy; is young, animated, and possesses a good voice, with equally good taste in musical execution. She played in a sprightly and unaffected style. She was most warmly received.

6.—Maid or Wife—Ibid—Past Ten o'Clock.

7.—Ibid—Ibid—Giovanni in London.

8.—Ibid—Ibid—Monsieur Tonson.

9.—Ibid—Ibid—Giovanni in London.

10.—Ibid—Ibid—Hit or Miss.

Mr. FITZWILLIAM, of the Surrey Theatre, made his first appearance on this stage, in the character of *O'Rourke O'Daisy*, and was well received.

12.—Richard III.—Adopted Child.

Mr. KEAN resumed his duties, under the enthusiastic admiration and applause of a most crowded house, in *Gloster*. High as his praise in this, as well as every other of his characters has been exhaled, we are compelled to heap the incense still higher. Never was his penetrating intellect more conspicuously displayed, and the fervour of approbation, which he re-awakened, was but the fair tribute due to the continued success of a powerful and in-

defatigable mind, shooting its light into the obscure minute recesses of character, conceivable in the deformed, remorseless, and yet gloriously-aspiring hero of his original.

Mr. COOPER's *Richmond* we have before eulogised. Mr. PENLEY's *Buchingham* was very creditable. A Mr. LOVE-DAY made his first appearance in the character of *Michael*, in the farce, and was confirmed at once in the public estimation ; indeed the house rang with applauses during the whole of his performance.

13—LOST LIFE ! [first time]—Coronation—Giovanni in London.

The scene of this comedy lies in Bognor. *Emma* [Miss SMITHSON], lives in obscurity, just on the town ; she is beloved by *Featherbrain* [COOPER], who has taken possession in right of kindred of an estate, the owner of which, *Solomon Pilgrim* [MUNDEN], (supposed to have lost his life) has also arrived at the town before-mentioned. *Miss Versatile* [Mrs. EDWIN], and her assumed *Aunt* [Mrs. HARLOWE], are enterprising milliners from Cranbourn-alley, who are come down under false colours, with a view of marrying the younger lady to a man of fortune. *Miss Versatile* has the good fortune, at first, to ensnare no less than three lovers, in different corners of her net. She is "a burning *Sappho*" to *Nat Daffodil* [HARLEY], a truant performer, who is far gone in pastoral and amatory sonnets, wears no cravat, dresses his hair in Petrarch curls, and is, moreover, as *Miss Versatile* expresses it, a "a perfect assassin of the alphabet" To *Captain Freshwater* [PENLEY], a gentleman of great marine skill in the navigation between Putney and Gravesend, she is the rich daughter of a naval officer, with whose gallant fate and fame she professes to be deeply impressed. She wins *Featherbrain* by a run of satire on some prevailing follies of the times, and must certainly succeed in making a husband of one, but for the blunders of *Doldrum* [KNIGHT]. He receives fees and letters from the three lovers, one only of which he delivers. They have agreed to settle a wager as to the comparative beauty of their nymphs, and make the same sort of appointment in their letters for that purpose. The young lady arrives in expectation of meet-

ing one of her swains; but the presence of three leads to an explanation, for the present destructive of her hopes. *Solomon Pilgrim* has been witness of the defection of his nephew, *Featherbrain*, from *Emma*, in favour of *Miss Versatile*, and resolves to punish him, by settling his fortune on *Emma*, which he is still more inclined to do on discovering that she is daughter to his brother, whom he left at home when he first went on his travels. The young lady subsequently forgives and marries her capricious lover. *Barrington Coventry* [THOMPSON], has, in the mean time, picked up the written life of *Solomon Pilgrim*, whom he intends to personate, and of whose estate he purposes to take possession. To make all sure, he marries *Miss Versatile*, she having imposed herself on him for the next successor to the estate, in case of *Solomon Pilgrim* not coming again to life. Some other mistakes are interwoven to thicken the plot towards the end, by throwing difficulties in the way of identifying the said *Solomon*, who at length entirely recovers his "lost life," and the piece ends to the satisfaction of all, except *Coventry*, and his swindling bride.

This comedy is very well got up, with a whimsical variety of character, a chain of dialogue suitable to their several propensities and situations. The most amusing by far is *Nattie Daffodil*, whose maudlin gifts in poetry, and affected refinement of feeling, mingled with the most ardent and unremitting self-love, were delightfully set forth by HARLEY. MUNDEN expressed the wise sayings abounding in his part, most naturally. COOPER and KNIGHT were equally admirable. The piece was highly successful. The Prologue is as follows. The Epilogue occasioned a great deal of very agreeable surprise, from the novelty of the arrangement.

### PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. COOPER.

How sweet, when Winter long hath chill'd the scene,  
 Buds cheerful Spring's first timid glimpse of green,  
 Herald of laughing Summer, life and light,  
 Promise fulfill'd, and satisfied delight.  
 And sweet when long hath slept some welcome strain,  
 The first faint tone that wakes it back again

In Mem'ry's dream ! Dear all too that can cast  
 Some image of the cherish'd and the past ;  
 And sweet (however humble) in these days,  
 Of melancholy scenes and tragic lays,  
 To every heart that loves a smile should be  
 The first returning glance of Comedy.  
 What though, too like the Prodigal of yore,  
 Thalia, scorning Wisdom's critic lore,  
 Hath sought each scene of riot and expense,  
 Of ribaldry, and mad extravagance ;  
 Hath wandered, as if never to return ;  
 Should she for shelter, sanction, once more yearn,  
 Would you refuse a welcome and a home,  
 However fall'n, and bid her once more roam ?  
 No ; you will still extend your cheering aid,  
 Albeit to but the shadow of a shade !  
 If others, by this faint attempt, be won  
 To do what fain our Author would have done,  
 It is not made in vain—too long the age  
 Hath seen Thalia banished from the stage,  
 Our author leads her back—his hopes befriend,  
 Though crude his pen, he's young enough to mend !  
 In one strong hold his claims he can entrench,  
 He, in these borrowing times, hath spar'd the French ;  
 'Tis English all—its merits, faults, his own.  
 Originality may much atone.  
 Lost life his subject—should he not succeed,  
 His literary fame's Life's Lost indeed !

## EPILOGUE.

[*Squabble at door (P.S.) before the Curtain.*]

*Mrs. Edwin.* I can't.

*Prompter.*

You must indeed.

*Mrs. E.*

I won't !

*Prompt.*

You will ;

Your name, Ma'am, yesterday was in the bill.

[*Drags her on*

*Mrs. E.* What ! speak the Epilogue—where is it ? show it

*Prompt.* I've just receiv'd a copy from the Poet.

[*Gives it—She unfolds it*

*Mrs. E.* Just ninety lines! how cruelly he's swampt one;  
How can I say a word—

*Prompt.* Aye, or I prompt one?  
You'll do your best. *[Exit Prompter.]*

*Mrs. E.* My best, like nymphs of Greece is,  
To tear this Orpheus into twenty pieces,  
*[Tearing the Epilogue.]*  
I'll not be turned loose thus, alone to stand  
And make my Maiden Speech—that is, off hand.  
Where is my party? all just by I'm certain,  
The Prompter's gone—I'll ring!

*[Goes to the door and rings.]*  
Up with the curtain!

*[Curtain rises, and discovers Performers in confusion.]*

*Double.* How now? I've done my part.

*Fresh.* I'm run quite dry.

*Mrs. E.* Who'll help to speak the Epilogue now?

*All.* I!

*Double.* What! all at once?

*All.* Oh, no; that's quite absurd,

If all will speak, then no one can be heard.

*Daf.* Oh, what a Wandal! how is genius spited,  
The Epilogue she teared, 'twas I that writed.

Wain is my vit, no werse surviving lingers,

Of all I counted ten upon my fingers.

Lost are their rhymes the dictionary's spinings,

And all the sense I put in their beginnings.

Reviews, don't mangle us, like wixen voman,

It was an Epilogue indeed,

*Dol.* uncommon!

*Fresh.* Well, since your sail's been shiver'd in this squall.  
I'll man the helm—

*Double.* and, perhaps, upset us all.

Let's have no Epilogue—if pleas'd or tiring

The pit will let us know without inquiring.

'Tis often like an epitaph's endeavour,

Those to recall who are gone from us for ever.

*Daf.* But 'twas so sweet, you take all credit from one,  
If we've no Epilogue they'll say

*Dol.* uncommon!

14.—Othello—Maid or Wife?

15.—Lost Life—Coronation—Maid or Wife?

16.—Richard III.—Maid or Wife?

17.—Lost Life—Coronation—Giovanni in London.

19.—Othello—Hit or Miss.

20.—Maid or Wife?—Coronation—Giovanni in London.

Miss BLAKE, from the Haymarket, who played *Captain Macheath* there so successfully, undertook the part of *Giovanni* at a very short notice, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame VESTRIS. Her performance was, in every respect, equal to her predecessor.

21.—Gerald Duval—Ibid—Monsieur Tonson.

### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

Oct. 24.—The Exile—Poor Soldier.

25.—Ibid—Roland for an Oliver.

26.—Ibid—Bombastes Furioso—Rendezvous.

29.—Ibid—Warlock of the Glen.

30.—Ibid—Brother and Sister.

31.—Ibid—Poor Soldier.

Nov. 1.—Ibid—Brother and Sister.

2.—Ibid—X.Y.Z.

5.—Ibid—Warlock of the Glen.

6.—She Stoops to Conquer—Brother and Sister.

Mrs. CHATTERLEY made her first appearance on these boards, as *Miss Hardcastle*; she was warmly received on her entrance, and as she went through her part won increasing favour to the conclusion; indeed the part has never been in better hands. She has a mellowness of pure unsullied passion in her manner, which charms by its warmth, while it is piquant from its delicacy. Her fictitious acting, in the scene where she assumes the character of the bar-maid, was perhaps the best; at any rate it attracted the most plaudits, though her vivacity in playing the battery of sarcasms which she constructs from the previously loose conversation of her shamefaced lover was very delightful.

7.—Exile—Blind Boy.

Mrs. CHATTERLEY sustained the part of *Edmund*, for



which she is most admirably fitted by her happy features and fine temperament, the mature perfection of her powers answering with delightful precision to the dawn of passion and feeling in a less complete period of life in the other sex. Her dumb play was exquisitely touching, and she realized that acute quickness of sensation which the deprivation of one set of organs bequeathes to all the remaining. The conflict of great and novel emotions which occur on the announcement of her royal quality, was finely set forth by her action, and the tremour which seemed to vibrate in the remotest and most fixed part of the animal frame. The frank and unsuspecting air of offering, without knowing their importance, the proofs of *Rodolph's* guilt at the conclusion was also very gratifying, and brought down loud cheers from all the divisions of the house. Mr. FAWCETT's *Oberto* is a fine piece of nature; remedying the want of lustre in station by the holy light of virtue, and performing heroism from almost unconscious instinctiveness of good. Mr. FARLEY was scarcely less happy in *Kalig*, a part of similar import. Miss FOOTE performed *Elvina*, and flourished in it; she has fine qualities for pathos when opportunity allows her put them forth. Mr. CONNOR enacted *Rodolph* with the graces most suitable to the crooked and ruthless mind expressed in the character. There is some new and very meritorious scenery; the Vistula, heaving stormily, with the crags and towers overhanging it, here and there interspersed with the palace lights, is finely designed and romantically executed.

8.—Exile—Too late for Dinner.

9.—Ibid—Blind Boy.

10.—Ibid—VENISON PASTY. [First time.]

This farce was deservedly damned; it is the production of Mr. BEAZLEY.

12.—Exile—Blind Boy.

13.—Twelfth Night—Miller and his Men.

14.—Exile—Bombastes Furioso—A Day after the Wedding.

15.—Stranger—Barber of Seville.

A Miss BAKEWELL, a new candidate for theatrical honours, made her first appearance as Mrs. HALLER, but did not make a very favourable impression on the audience.

- 16.—Exile—Poor Soldier.  
 17.—Rob Roy—Love, Law, and Physic.  
 19.—Exile—Blind Boy.  
 20.—Hamlet—Citizen.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house closed, after a most successful season, on Friday, Nov. 2, with the "*Beggars' Opera*" and "*A Roland for an Oliver*." Great interest was excited by the expectancy of the closing speech, which was pronounced by Mr. TERRY, after the opera. The several points of complaint against what the managers deem an unjust rivalry, were eagerly and loudly applauded by the house, as were also the promises of reprisal on the term of the winter theatres in the ensuing season. The speech, which was well pronounced, was as follows :

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I come, deputed by the proprietor, to offer you the customary return of his grateful acknowledgments for the liberal support with which you have seconded his anxious and arduous endeavours to establish an independent company in the New Haymarket Theatre.

"It would be tedious to detail to you the numerous and peculiar difficulties of such an undertaking, as well as the new and increasing obstructions with which this little establishment, so long the object of your favour (and it may almost be said of your affection), has now to contend.

"Our short summer privilege gradually encroached upon, and each succeeding year made less and less by the invasions of the winter houses, has at length been entirely taken from us by one of them. Since then the winter theatres are becoming summer ones, and are striving utterly to deprive us of that small portion of the year which had hitherto been left free to our use, it is but fair (indeed it is the only chance we have remaining) that we, availing ourselves of the full extent of the royal license granted to this property, should in return endeavour, as much as possible, to make the summer theatre a winter one.

"Of the difficulty of this attempt the proprietor is fully aware ! nevertheless, he enters upon the open field of pub-

lie competition, prepared to struggle and endure; he enters it at present, indeed, with unequal strength, and surrounded by obstructions, yet he is willing to fight on, until he may at last succeed in establishing a company independent of the larger theatres, which, through the full extent of his license, may have a just and equal claim to your support, in a theatre honourably devoted to all the legitimate purposes of the British drama.

"Much of the incipient difficulty which attends new attempts has, of course, been removed by the experiment of the present season, and much of the experience beneficial to future efforts has been obtained. And the proprietor desires me to assure you, that, with his means, his exertions shall gradually increase in every department to meet the wishes of an indulgent public, whom it is equally his duty, his interest, and his desire to serve.

"Every alteration or addition by which the comfort, the convenience, or the dramatic effectiveness of this theatre can be improved, shall be attended to—and no exertion on the proprietor's part shall be omitted to encourage rising talent, and to secure such of that already established, that time and opportunity may render accessible to him.

"I have now, ladies and gentlemen, only to add the sincere thanks of the several performers for the liberal support you have granted them, with which I beg most cordially to unite my own, and for the present, respectfully and gratefully, to bid you farewell!"

## MINOR DRAMA.

### SURREY THEATRE.

This sprightly place of amusement opened on Monday, Sept. 22, for a short season, with a series of entertainments which were most flatteringly received. A lively little comic ballet, called "*Valentine's Day*," led the round and exhibited some very pretty dancing by Mr. RIDGWAY and Miss ADCOCK. This was followed by a very interesting melo-drama, called "*THE DUKE'S BRIDE*; or, the *Ruins of the Forest*." The story is that of *Elisena*, Princess of Bulgaria [Mrs. FEARMAN], who, on her way from her father's court to that of *Almaric*, Duke of Transylvania

[MR. GOMERY], to whom she is to be united in marriage, is by the treachery of *Oswald* [CLIFFORD] the commander of her escort, separated from her train in the forest of Hermandstadt, and betrayed into the hands of robbers, who have been hired to make away with her. Her father's friend *Zavolano* [RIDGWAY], who attends her on her journey, falls fighting in her defence, and is left for dead; and *Ulrica*, the sister of *Oswald* [MISS POOLE], assuming her name, ornaments, and attire, is presented in her stead to *Almaric*, as his betrothed bride. The ruffians who have been hired to dispatch her, have conveyed her to the ruins of an old abbey in the forest for that purpose, are moved by her entreaties to spare her life; but, in order to conceal that circumstance from their employer, they force her to assume the habit of a peasant, and intimidate her (by threats of instant destruction in case of her story becoming public) into the concealment of her name and rank. In this disguise she is found by an innkeeper, and under the name of *Rose* is engaged by him to wait on his guests. Scarcely has she entered on her lowly office, when *Almaric* with the supposed *Elisena* arrive at the inn; *Zavolano*, who has only been wounded, arrives there also, and recognizing the real *Elisena* in the humble *Rose*, denounces to *Almaric* the treason of *Oswald* and *Ulrica*: a locket, containing a concealed miniature of *Elisena*, which is disclosed by a secret spring, known only to herself, is the test by which the guilt of her enemies is substantiated, and her triumph, with which the piece concludes, is secured. Mr. GOMERY, in *Almaric*, successfully assumed the easy deportment and graceful demeanour of the prince. Mr. RIDGWAY was energetic in *Zavolano*; WYATT was much and deservedly applauded for the easy air and humorous simplicity which he threw over the little part of *Andrew*, a silly clown of a waiter at the inn, who pays his awkward addresses to *Rose*, his fellow-servant, and superintends the festive ceremonial with which the arrival of *Almaric* is celebrated. Mrs. FEARMAN was a sweet and interesting *Elisena*, and the other characters were equally excellent.

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VOL.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL

### POCKET MAGAZINE.

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SUPPLEMENT TO VOL. I.

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#### EXCULPATION OF KING RICHARD III.

*From the charges brought against him by different Historians and followed by SHAKSPEARE.*

RICHARD III. the last monarch of the unfortunate race of *Plantagenets*, (1) has, by all the historians of the reigns of

(1) Buc gives the following etymology of this name: he says, "It should rather be PLANTA-GENEST, being derived from *planta-genesta*, or *genista*, that is, the plant broom. This title was first given to FULKE, Earl of Anjou, who, having been guilty of some enormous crime, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land, and submit to a severe castigation. He readily acquiesced, dressed himself in lowly attire, and, as a mark of his humility, wore a piece of broom in his cap, of which virtue this plant is a symbol in hieroglyphic language: (VIRGIL seems to confirm it by calling it *humiles genista*—the humble broom :) This expiation finished, FULKE, in remembrance,

the dynasty of the *Tudors*, been depicted and described as a *monster* in his person, and a devil in his crimes. SHAKSPEARE has fixed their colours, and rendered their descriptions indelible. He has animated deformity, and personified both *horror* and *terror*; he has clothed *tradition* in the garb of *truth*, and not only designated, perhaps, *ideal* crimes, but from these deduced *material* consequences; credence, however it might, in the cool moments of closet examination (in some instances) recoil from the literary page, is, from the first act to the last, chained to the glowing representation of a tyrant and a murderer, in the stage *prosopopæia* of SHAKSPEARE: such is the force of genius, and such the general effect, that the strong traits of scenic ambition have, in the drama of "*Richard III.*" ever had upon the public. Yet from this general, this received opinion there was even in the early part of the reign of JAMES I. and during the life of our immortal bard, one author, and that author well acquainted both with English antiquities and dramatic writings, that boldly ventured to express his dissent; this was GEORGE BUC, (1) master of the revels, director of those splendid and classical exhibitions, in which the learning and wit of BEN JONSON, and the graphic and architectural taste of INIGO JONES, shone so conspicuous; BUC, who was then considered as the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the court, sought to

adopted the name of "*PLANTA-GENEST*," and lived afterwards in honour and happiness. Accordingly his descendants inherited the name, and many successive nobles, of the line of Anjou, not only did the same, but even distinguished themselves by wearing a *sprig of broom* in their helmets.

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Some of Lord ORFORD's remarks are as follow:—"It seems to me to appear, that FABIAN, and the authors of the *Chronicle of Croyland*, who were contemporaries with RICHARD, charge him *directly* with none of the crimes since imputed to him, and disculpate him of others. That JOHN ROUS, the third contemporary, could know the facts he alleges but by *hearsay*, confounds the date of them; dedicates his work to HENRY VII. and is an author to whom no credit is due, from the lies and fables with which his work is stuffed.

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"That we have no authors who lived near the time, but Lancastrian authors, who wrote to flatter HENRY VII. or who spread the tales which *he* invented. That the murder of Prince EDWARD, son of HENRY VI. was committed by King EDWARD's servants, and is imputed to RICHARD by *no* contemporary. That HENRY VI. was found dead in the Tower; that it was not known how he came by his death; and that it was against RICHARD's *interest* to murder him. That the Duke of CLARENCE was defended by RICHARD; that the parliament petitioned for his execution; that no author of the time is so absurd as to charge RICHARD with being his executioner; and that King EDWARD took the deed wholly upon himself. That RICHARD's stay at York, on his brother's death, had no appearance of a design to make himself king. That the ambition of the queen, who attempted to usurp the government, contrary to the then established custom of the realm, gave the first provocation to RICHARD, and the princes of the blood, to assert their rights; and that RICHARD was solicited by the Duke of BUCKINGHAM to vindicate those rights.

"That the preparation of an armed force under Earl RIVERS, the seizure of the Tower and treasure, and the equipment of a fleet, by the Marquis DORSET, gave occasion to the princes to imprison the relations of the queen; and that, although they were put to death without trial, (the only *cruelty* which is *proved* on RICHARD,) it was perfectly consonant to the manners of that barbarous and turbulent age, and not till after the queen's party had taken up arms. That the execution of Lord HASTINGS, who had first engaged with RICHARD against the queen, and whom, Sir THOMAS MOORE confesses, RICHARD was "*loth to lose*," can be accounted for by nothing but absolute necessity and the law of self-defence.

"That RICHARD's assumption of the protectorate was, in every respect, agreeable to the laws and usage—was probably bestowed on him by the general consent of the council and peers, and was a strong indication that he had then no thought of questioning the right of his nephew. That the tale of RICHARD aspersing the chastity of his own mother is incredible; it appearing that he lived with her in perfect harmony, and lodged with her in her palace at that very time.

"That it is as little credible that RICHARD gained the crown by a servant of Dr. SHAW, and a speech of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, if the people only laughed at those orators. That there had been a pre-contract or marriage between EDWARD IV. and Lady ELEANOR TALBOT; (1) and that RICHARD's claim to the crown was founded on the illegitimacy of EDWARD's children. That a convention of the nobility, clergy, and people invited him to accept the crown on that title. That the ensuing parliament ratified the act of the convention, and confirmed the bastardy of EDWARD's children. That nothing can be more improbable than RICHARD's having taken no measures before he left London to have his nephews murdered, if he had any such intention.

"That the story of Sir JAMES TIRRELL (as related by Sir THOMAS MOORE,) is a notorious falsehood; TIRRELL being at that time master of the horse, in which capacity he had walked at RICHARD's coronation. That TIRRELL's jealousy of Sir RICHARD RATCLIFFE is another palpable falsehood; TIRRELL being already preferred, and RATCLIFFE absent. That all that relates to Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY is no less false; BRAKENBURY being too good a man to die for a tyrant or murderer, or too bad a man to have refused being his accomplice. That Sir THOMAS MOORE and Lord BACON both confess that many doubted whether the two princes were murdered in RICHARD's days or not; and it certainly never was proved that they were murdered by his order. That Sir THOMAS MOORE relied on nameless and uncertain authority: that it appears by dates and facts, that his authorities were bad and false; that if Sir JAMES TIRRELL and DIGHTON had committed the murder, and confessed it, and if PERKIN WARBECK had made a voluntary, clear, and probable confession of his imposture, there could have remained no doubt of the murder. That GREEN, the nameless page, and WILL SLAUGHTER, having never been questioned about the murder, there is no reason to believe what is related of them in the supposed tragedy. That Sir JAMES TIRRELL not being attainted on the death of RICHARD,

(1) Or BUTLER, by marriage.

but having, on the contrary, been employed on great services by HENRY VII. it is not probable that he was one of the murderers. That Lord BACON, owned that TIRRELL's confession did not please the king so well as DIGHTON's; that TIRRELL's imprisonment and execution, some years afterwards, for a new treason, of which we have no evidence, and which appears to have been mere suspicion, destroy all probability of his guilt in the supposed murder of the children. That the impunity of DIGHTON, if *really* guilty, was scandalous; and can only be accounted for on the supposition of his being a false witness to serve HENRY's cause against PERKIN WARBECK. That the silence of the two archbishops, and HENRY's not daring to specify the murder of the princes in the act of attainder against RICHARD, wears all the appearance of their not having been murdered.

“ That RICHARD's tenderness and kindness to the Earl of WARWICK, proceeding so far as to proclaim his successor, betrays no symptom of that cruel nature which would not stick at assassinating any competitor. That it is indubitable that RICHARD's first idea was to keep the crown but till EDWARD V. should attain the age of twenty-four. That with this view he did not create his own son Prince of WALES, till after he had proved the bastardy of his brother's children. That there is no proof that those children were murdered. That RICHARD made, or intended to make, his nephew EDWARD V. walk at his coronation. That there is strong presumption, from the parliament roll, and from the Chronicle of Croyland, that both princes were living some time after Sir THOMAS MOORE fixes the date of their deaths. That when his own son was dead, RICHARD was so far from intending to get rid of his wife, that he proclaimed his nephews, first the Earl of WARWICK, and then the Earl of LINCOLN, his heirs apparent. That there is not the least probability of his having poisoned his wife who died of a languishing distemper: that no proof was ever pretended to be given of it; that a bare supposition of such a crime, without proofs, or very strong presumptions, is scarce ever to be credited. That he seems to have had no intention of marrying his niece, but to have amused her with the hopes of that match, to prevent her

marrying RICHMOND. That BUC, would not have *dared* to quote her letter, as extant in the Earl of ARUNDEL's library, if it had not been there: that others of BUC's assertions having been corroborated by subsequent discoveries, leave no doubt of his veracity on this; and that letter disculpates RICHARD from poisoning his wife; and only shows the impatience of his niece to be queen.

"That it is probable the queen dowager knew her second son was living, and connived at the appearance of LAMBERT SIMNEL, to feel the temper of the nation. That HENRY VII. certainly thought that she and the Earl of LINCOLN were privy to the existence of RICHARD Duke of YORK, and that HENRY lived in terror of his appearance. That the different conduct of HENRY, with regard to LAMBERT SIMNEL, and PERKIN WARBECK, implies how different an opinion he had of them; that in the first case, he used the most rational and most natural methods to prove him an impostor; whereas his whole behaviour in PERKINS' case, was most mysterious, and betrayed his belief or doubt that WARBECK was the true Duke of YORK. That it was morally impossible for the Duchess of BURGUNDY, at the distance of twenty-seven years, to instruct a Flemish lad so perfectly in all that had passed in the court of England, that he would not have been detected in a few hours. That she could not inform him, nor could he know, what had passed in the Tower, unless he was the *true* Duke of YORK. That if he was *not* the true Duke of YORK, HENRY had nothing to do but *confront* him with TIRRELL and DIGHTON, and the imposture must have been discovered. That PERKIN never being confronted with the queen-dowager, and the princesses her daughters, proves that HENRY did not dare to trust to their acknowledging him. That if he was not the true Duke of YORK, he might have been detected by not 'knowing the queen and princesses, if shown to him, without his being told who they were. That it is not pretended that PERKIN *ever failed* in language, accent, or circumstances; and that his likeness to EDWARD IV. is allowed. That there are gross and manifest blunders in his pretended confession. That HENRY was so afraid of not ascertaining a good account of the purity of his English accent, that he

makes him learn English twice over. That Lord BACON did not dare to adhere to this ridiculous account; but forges another, though, in reality, not more credible. That a number of HENRY's best friends, as the Lord Chamberlain, who placed the crown on his head, knights of the garter, and men of the fairest characters, being persuaded that PERKINS was the true Duke of YORK, and *dying* for that *belief*, without *recanting*, makes it very rash to deny that he was so.

"That the proclamation in RYMER's *Fœdera* against JANE SHORE for plotting with the Marquis DORSET, destroys *all* the credit of Sir THOMAS MOORE, as to what relates to the latter peer.

"In short, that HENRY's character, as we have received it from his *own apologists*, is so much worse and more hateful than RICHARD's, that we may well believe HENRY invented and propagated by far the greater part of the slanders against RICHARD: that HENRY, *not* RICHARD, probably put to death the *true* Duke of YORK, as he did the Earl of WARWICK; and that we are *not certain* whether EDWARD V. *was murdered*; nor if he was, by *whose* order the deed was committed.

"After all that has been said, it is scarce necessary to add a word on the supposed discovery that was made of the skeletons of the two young princes, in the reign of CHARLES II. Two skeletons found in that *dark abyss* of *so many secret transactions*, with no marks to ascertain the time, or the age of their interment, can certainly verify nothing. We must believe both princes *died* there, before we can believe their *bones* were *found* there; and upon *what* that belief can be founded, or how we shall cease to *doubt* whether PERKIN WARBECK was not one of those children, I am at a loss to guess.

"As little is it requisite to argue on the grants made by RICHARD III. to his supposed accomplices in that murder, because the argument will serve either way. It is very natural that they, who had tasted most of RICHARD's bounty, should be suspected as the instruments of his crimes; but till it can be proved those crimes were committed, it is vain to bring evidence to show who assisted him in perpetrating them. Indeed one knows not what to

think of the death of EDWARD V. ; one can neither entirely acquit RICHARD of it, nor condemn him ; because there are no proofs on either side ; and though a court of justice would, from that defect of evidence, absolve him, opinion may flutter backwards and forwards and at last remain in suspense.

"For the younger brother, the balance seems to incline greatly on the side of PERKIN WARBECK as the true Duke of YORK ; and if one was saved, one knows not how or why to believe that RICHARD destroyed only the elder."

In conclusion, we must leave this story dark, though not near so dark as we found it ; and it is, perhaps, as wise to be uncertain on one portion of our history, as to believe so much as is believed in all histories, though very probably as falsely delivered to us as the period which we have here been examining.

### YOUNG'S "REVENGE."

THOSE who are desirous of seeing on what narrow foundations a genius for the drama can construct a tragedy, may consult our subjoined extract from "*The Guardian*," a periodical paper by SIR RICHARD STEELE. The 1st Vol. of that work, No. 37, contains the relation of a scene of misfortunes which really happened some years ago in Spain. Short as the account is, it supplied Dr. YOUNG with materials for his play of "*The Revenge*," in which we may fairly presume he had "*Othello*" in view, and aspired to break a lance with SHAKSPEARE.

"*Don Alonso*, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived some years in great tranquillity. He was not, however, free from the faults usually imputed to his nation ; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence, with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women, with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her ; she therefore undertook to make *Alonso* jealous, by

insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his lady, having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time, she placed *Alonso* in a private room that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. *Alonso* had not patience; but following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his unfortunate lady by the hair, without inquiring farther, he instantly killed her. Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a daemon of revenge; when the girl who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and, in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequences, repeated all her guilt. *Alonso* was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant; and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, until at last he recollected himself enough to vent his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge, and remorse, by murdering the maid, the moor, and himself."

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### ON THE CHARACTER OF ANTONIO,

IN

### OTWAY'S "*VENICE PRESERVED*."

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Mr. DRAMA,

IN a former number it is stated, and some authorities are produced, to shew that the character of *Antonio* in "*Venice Preserved*" was drawn for the EARL of SHAFTESBURY. If true, a worse likeness was never exhibited. *Antonio* is represented as a mere cully and dotard; though some slight resemblance may be perceived in the *plot* speech—he afterwards tries to do away the suspicion, by saying "The lady is a lady of renown." SHAFTESBURY, though factious and



violent, was never the dupe of women. He kept a mistress, 'tis true—but in that age of gallantry, a mistress was as necessary an appendage to a courtier, as a sword and wig. I do not wish to enter into anonymous controversy, or to occupy your work with a subject not strictly dramatic, so shall merely observe on your correspondent's opinion of the severity of OTWAY, that a man so eminent for wit and talent as SHAFTESBURY unquestionably was, must have been much more affected by the delicate but keen satire of DRYDEN, than by the gross and disgusting ribaldry of OTWAY. To show that he was not at all the wise-acre *Antonio* as represented, I refer you to HUME, who says, in summing up his character, "it is remarkable that this man whose principles and conduct were, in all other respects, so exceptionable, proves an excellent chancellor; and that all his decrees, while he possessed that high office, were equally remarkable for justness and for integrity." I quote HUME as one of his enemies, and therefore unlikely to extenuate. Those who wish to see an able vindication of his general behaviour may find one in LORD J. RUSSELL's *Life of LORD W. RUSSEL*.

I am, yours, &c.

D. L.

### THE ACTOR AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

MR. DRAMA,

As many of your readers may not be in possession of JACKSON'S "*Scottish Stage*," I beg to send you an extract wherein the author gives an account of an interview with a late Archbishop of York.

I am, yours, &c.

CASSIO.

"My visit to his grace of York was so successful in its consequences and so flattering in its tendency, both to myself personally, and to the *profession* in which I was embarked—that I must relate it.

I found his Grace at breakfast in his study. After desir-

ing me, with great complacency to be seated, he said—"You are, I presume, Mr. JACKSON?"—I bowed. "You reside in the Temple?"—I do my Lord. "You belong to the law?"—No, my Lord. "I judged so by the place of your residence."—No answer from me, to this delicate mode of enforcing the question.

"I have a memorial from you, respecting your father; but I sent for you to know more fully from yourself the particulars respecting it."

I related every thing I knew concerning the matter minutely—his Grace listened to me with great attention, and promised to make immediate inquiry into the facts I had stated. I was on my legs, and on the point of departing, when I observed to his Grace, than when he asked if I belonged to the law, I had continued silent, I now informed him that I had no intention of concealing my profession.

"I am, my Lord, upon the stage." A pause—

"Sir," said his Grace, "I know no distinction of persons; *I respect worth wherever it is found*. Goodness may adorn the breast of an *Actor* as well as that of a *Divine*; and I see no just reason why I should discredit or disregard you the more, for being on the stage, than if you were in the pulpit, provided you have kept your character. I shall inquire into your conduct, and if I find it such as I can sanction with credit, you shall always have my patronage and support; make my compliments to Mr. GARRICK, and tell him I expect he will use you well; I do not go to the theatre myself; but let me know when your night comes, and I will send my family." His Grace saw me to the door, and told the porter, that whenever I called, he should be at home. He then again wished me well,

"Vowed me assistance, and performed it too."

## THE DRAMA.

*Imitatio vitæ, Speculum consuetudinis, Imago veritatis.*

CIC.

To improve the heart, to elevate the mind,  
Our thoughts enlarge, create a taste refin'd,

Ken  
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DON

Awake the kindling soul at glory's name,  
 Was long the ACTOR's part, the DRAMA's aim.  
 Let some with *partial* eye for faults explore,  
 Expose its evils, or its reign deplore,  
 The *candid* critic still will prove a friend,  
 And from ungen'rous foes, its cause defend.  
 What if, defying virtue's sacred name,  
 Callous alike to honour or to shame,  
 We see to prudence deaf, of vice the slave,  
 Some few, contempt and scorn who dare to brave ?  
 Be just; nor let for *this*, the DRAMA fall,  
 Or for *one* fault, a stigma cast, on *all*.  
 If ye can see insulted misery,  
 Unmov'd by pity, still refuse a sigh;  
 If ye can view, and yet without one tear,  
 Injustice triumph o'er a heart sincere;  
 Then what thou *art*, I seek in vain to scan,  
 But, nature bids me write, thou'rt *not*, "a man."  
 Turn o'er the DRAMA's ever varied page,  
 We lessons find for every sex, or age;  
 Aspiring warriors eager for renown,  
 May learn 'tis *mercy* which deserves the crown;  
 The *monarch* too, who boasts extended sway—  
 Observe how *worldly* honours fade away;  
 And generous *patriots*, view with honest pride,  
 Once more their dreams of *freedom*, verified.  
 Long may the DRAMA shine, its friends increase,  
 The taunts of faction, and of envy cease;  
 With justice, virtue, for its constant end,  
 A foe to falsehood, and to truth, a friend,  
 Unbought by interest, unawed by fear,  
 In triumph still pursue its wide career;  
 Admiring genius, shall its praises sing,  
 Revolving years increase of honour bring.

Kennington, Oct. 10, 1821.

N. A.

## DON JUAN.

MR. DRAMA,

DON JUAN is a subject that has been worn quite thread-

bare. Lord BYRON and MOZART have given it a deathless fame. The original source from whence the various drama's are derived, is traced to a tradition in Spain of a dissolute nobleman, such as the character of *Don Juan* represents; and it would be a difficult task to name any subject that has so often been chosen for theatrical representation, and has been so popular in every part of Europe as the story of this vivacious profligate.

It was first introduced on the stage as a Comedy under the title of "*El Burlador de Sevilla y Comedido de Piedra*." [The Joker of Seville and the Guest of Stone] by GABRIEL TELLEZ, of Madrid, (1) the author of many dramatic works, pub. in 3 vols. 4to. the last of which is dated 1634. It was soon translated into Italian, by CICOGNINI, and also by GILIBERTO; and performed with so much success in this language, not only in Italy, but even in Paris, that MOLIERE being strongly solicited by his company of comedians to write an imitation of it, produced "*Le Festin de Pierre*," a comedy in five acts, in prose, which was first represented in 1665. (2) This piece was shortly afterwards put into verse by T. CORNEILLE, who added two scenes, and thus it has been performed on the French stage ever since. Two more French pieces have also been written on the same subject.

In 1676, SHADWELL, the poet-laureate introduced the subject into this country, in his tragedy of the "*Libertine*," but he made his hero so wantonly and so unboundedly wicked, as to exceed even the limits of probability, and the catastrophe so horrid, as to render it little less than im-

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(1) GABRIEL TELLEZ was one of the brethren of a religious order in Spain, and is mentioned by NICHOLAS ANTONIO in his *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*, as a poet, scholar, and divine, of the greatest merit. He wrote under the fictitious name of TYRISO DE MOLINA; and died about 1650.

(2) "MOLIERE has thrown great strength and beauty into this horrid piece on purpose one should imagine to show that the worst subject may be treated well by a good master of his art."

DIBDIN's *History of the Stage*, v. i, 357.

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piety to represent it on the stage; and the whole piece, through written with vigour, is so crowded with incidents, and loaded with extravagancies, that it was soon laid aside. Notwithstanding the evident impiety of some parts of SHADWELL'S tragedy, yet he thought it had a good moral tendency, and in the preface he relates that he had been credibly informed by a gentleman that he had seen it acted in Italy, by the name of "*Atheisto Fulminato*," in churches, on Sundays, as a part of devotion.

About the middle of the last century, GOLDONI added one more to the list of drama's founded on the history of the same licentious Spanish grandee. It is called "*Don Giovanni Tenorio, o sia, Il Dissoluto*." In the preface to this comedy, he names CALDERON DELLA BARCA, as the author of the original piece; but he seems to be supported in his assertion by no authority; whilst all other testimonies concur in ascribing it to TELLFZ. Most probably GOLDONI was also misled by the distinguished name under which the comedy is printed in the Spanish editions.

The Italian opera of "DON GIOVANNI," as now performed at the King's Theatre, was written and adapted for musical representation by LORENZO DA PONTE, who was engaged for some time in Vienna, and afterwards in London in the poetical department of the Italian Theatre. The music was composed for the Theatre at Prague, and was performed at that city for the first time in 1787; but it was too refined and too intellectual to be thoroughly understood at that period even in Germany, a circumstance which the composer seems to have himself anticipated; (3) for he himself remarked to a friend previously to its first representation, "This opera is not calculated for the people of Vienna; it will be more justly appreciated at Prague; but in reality, I have written it to please myself and my friends." The story had been represented as a melo-drama or tragic

(3) Even a few years ago, when it was performed at the *Académie de Musique*, at Paris, its character was so imperfectly comprehended either on the stage or in the orchestra, that GARAT, the celebrated singer, observed "*Don Juan a paru incognito à l'opéra*."

pantomime, at the Royalty Theatre, under the title of *DON JUAN ; or, the Libertine Destroyed*," as long ago as 1787, and it was turned into a pantomime ballet at Drury-Lane in 1790. These two pieces are both said in the *Biographia Dramatica* to have been taken from SHADWELL's Tragedy, and in all these the spectre is on foot. At length on the 12th of April, 1817, "*DON GIOVANNI ; or, a Spectre on Horseback*," was brought out at the King's Theatre, and ran through the whole season with the greatest applause, proving the most profitable speculation that house had entered into for many years.

Since this, *Don Juan* has appeared on the English Stage in various forms from a serious opera to a ballet, pantomime and burlesque, and has been played at every Theatre in the metropolis. We have had him "*In London*" [at the Olympic and Drury]—" *In the Country*" [at the Cobourg]—" *On Horseback*" [at Astley's.] He has also been turned into an *Harlequin*, [at Drury]—and last of all "*A Vampire!*" [at the Adelphi.] Mr. DIBDIN's excellent burlesque will never be forgotten.

## THEATRICAL EPIGRAMS, &c.

- 1.—*On the success of "UNDINE," produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, by Mr. SOANE, son of the architect of that name.*

ALIKE in father and in son,  
A kindred spirit generous rouses,  
And wit, and taste, applauding, own  
How equally they draw good houses.

### 2.—THEATRICAL FRACAS !

Major ELLISTON, versus Minor RODWELL.

How strange that a new dare assault an old stager,  
How bold in a minor to attack such a major ;  
But DRURY's great manager's known versatility,  
To manage a Rod-well asserts it's ability ;  
Ah ! Messieurs beware ! nor act this new part,  
Or your pockets and persons will woefully smart.

## 3.—ON MISS FOOTE.

The ancients to maxims remarkably prone,  
Said HERCULES might by a *foot* (1) be made known ;  
Improving on this, our sage moderns may see  
A *Foot* that evinces what VENUS should be.

## 4.—MRS. BUNN and "WALLACE."

WALLACE displays his patriotic fire,  
Lest should his land by foes be over-run ;  
Yet, what a trifle changes man's desire,  
He does not fight for freedom, but—a *Bunn*.

5.—On having heard that Miss DANCE was to appear in *Tragedy*.

There's nothing novel in this age,  
To see a *dance* upon the stage ;  
But 'twill indeed be *novelty*,  
To see a *Dance* in *Tragedy* !

6.—On "A RACE FOR A WIFE," a *Farce*, performed for the 1st time Oct. 20, 1820—but which was not very successful.

"DEPEND upon't 'twill have a *run*,  
Despite what all the critics say ;"  
"True," DICK replies, without a *pun*,  
"I'm certain it will *run away*."

## 7.—DRURY LANE THEATRE.

No wonder OLD DRURY in splendour appears,  
When *Nature* and *Wit* have their forces united ;  
When to ELLISTON smiles—and to KEAN we give tears,  
'Tis a proof both the head and the heart are delighted.

May the house of our GARRICK be ever upheld  
By pillars like these of the *order of merit*,

(1) *Expede Herculem*.

May the stage where he trod, who all others excelled,  
Still assume the grand empire of genius and spirit.

8.—*On Mr. KEAN having been charged by a female with indiscreet familiarities.*

KEAN is accused—and that is certain—  
Of acting ill—*behind the curtain*;  
But let's forgive him—I implore it—  
He never acted ill before it.

9.—IMPROMPTU,

*On hearing it reported that "another Show" is about to be produced at Drury Lane Theatre,*

INDEED it cannot be; you surely jest;  
What, not allow your pageantry to rest?  
Another show! where KEAN so lately trod,  
Where GARRICK's self "*appeared the leading God*,"  
Adding new force to SHAKSPEARE's magic skill,  
Shall this absurdity continue still?  
"It shall," the Lessee cries, "and I'll engage,  
The fairest flowers of the Surrey stage,  
To grace the splendid scene! be it my pride,  
To gain the aid of Melo-drame beside;  
And then—what then?—why then o'er all I reign,  
In pomp unequalled! critics, 'tis in vain  
To damp the splendour of my bright campaign."

### ON SHAKSPEARE'S LETTER TO ANNA HATHERRWAYE.

MR. DRAMA,

In your Shaksperiana of June, you have inserted page 83—16—a copy of a Letter, said to have been written by SHAKSPEARE to ANNA HATHERRWAYE. It might not have occurred to you, that in the confession of W. H. IRELAND, that ingenious and pitiable young man, you will find page 81, the following account—whereby you will see the letter



you have inserted is a forgery. You will, therefore, do well to correct it, and avoid others that may come in your possession.

“ LOVE LETTER AND VERSES TO ANNE HATHAWAY.

As our great dramatist was married early in life to one ANNE HATHAWAY, of the village of Shottery, (at no great distance from Stratford-on-Avon) I became desirous of introducing to the world one of his love-letters of that early period: on which account was penned his epistle to that lady, including five stanzas of poetry, and a braid of hair, supposed to have been sent to her as a token of his unalterable affection.

LOCK OF HAIR.

As the engraving of SHAKSPEARE, prefixed to the folio edition of his plays, and executed by DROESHOUT, represents our bard as having short, straight, and wiry hair, I selected a lock of a similar kind, then in my possession, (which in my boyish days had been given me as a *gage d'amour*) conceiving it very appropriate to my purpose.

SILK TWIST.

Having purchased of one YARDLEY, a vender of old parchments in Clare Market, some patents of the reigns of HENRY VIII., MARY, and ELIZABETH, with the great seals of England pendant thereto, (being affixed to the parchment with thick woven silk, as was usually the custom at those periods, and being about four inches in length) the idea struck me that the use of one of the pieces of woven silk in question, would give an imposing air of genuineness to the lock of hair. After putting this expedient into effect, I wrote the letter to ANNE HATHAWAY, wherein I laid great stress on the workmanship of the silk, as if executed by the hand of SHAKSPEARE. The words ran as follows:—

“ I doe assure thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte, thye Willys alone hath done the worke neytherre the gyl-dedde bauble thatte envyronnes the heade of Majestye no nor honnourres moste weyghty woude give mee halfe the joye as didde thysse mye lyttle worke 'forre thee,' &c. &c.

I must confess, that when I call to my recollection the numerous persons who inspected the papers, and of course the lock of hair with its silken appendages, and who were

in the daily habits of inspecting grants, charters, patents, &c., most of them having a similar twist in order to affix the great seal to the parchments, I am much astonished that the silk in question should have never been remarked by any one frequenting my father, Mr. IRELAND's, house.

## RINGS.

Small quantities of the hair being carefully taken from the original lock, were distributed into several rings ; but I shall refrain from making mention of their wearers ; it is sufficient for me that they were believers in the authenticity of the manuscripts."

The confession of young IRELAND coming into my hands, the idea struck me of examining the letter you have inserted, and from his own confession, find it a forgery. I have copied from the account of the fabrication, the statement of IRELAND, word for word, which, should a doubt arise in your mind, Mr. DRAMA, you may compare them by borrowing the book, if not in your possession. The insertion of this in your Magazine, will oblige your

Well-wisher,

TITUS.

It has been asserted by ignorant persons, that human hair could not have resisted the length of time from SHAKSPEARE's days to the present era ; but it is well known that hair has been found on the heads of embalmed bodies which have remained for centuries, and in many instances it has even been found to grow after death.

## NOTICES OF THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMA.

## No. I.

BY THOMAS HALL, ESQ.

WHY the writings of our early Dramatists were so much superior in purity of diction, and in power of arousing the feelings of man, and awakening them as it were to a sense of the immense efforts that the human mind is capable of, has never been clearly accounted for. Why they have the

almost supernatural power of harrowing the feelings, and stretching the chords of our heart till they would almost burst, as some of them have done, is certainly wonderful. Their chief art was this—they never, as alas! now is almost always the case, “overstepped the modesty of nature,” they kept her for their model, and they determined never to depart from this grand mistress of the histrionic art, and on that account never failed of success. Their dialogues are neither turgid nor bombastic; they are remarkable for the elegance and purity of the language, and the simplicity and natural colouring with which their high wrought pictures are finished. The characters are traced with a fidelity which is truly astonishing—and a person, as we may say, was always himself “a principio usque ad finem.” Being generally themselves performers, they knew extremely well what was calculated to have good stage effect, and what was not, and they never deviated from this; and, indeed, there are some passages in them which appear comparatively poor at bare perusal, but when performed, elicit beauties truly astonishing; they resemble a dull and heavy looking flint, which requires but a smart stroke to produce numerous brilliant and dazzling scintillations.

They are never overstrained, and that is the great quicksand into which most of our modern writers have sunk. They seemed to possess, as Lord BACON called it, “the Bow of the Mind,” and produced the same modulation and tones in the heart, as the bow to the violin in the hands of the musician.

We will proceed to give a slight account of one of the best of the old English tragedies, but which has, through some most unaccountable neglect, fallen into disrepute in this degenerate age—that is the tragedy of “*Philaster*,” by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. Of this tragedy, one of the snarling critics of modern times has made this sapient remark:—

“This is an uninteresting play, rather dull and tedious. No doubt a multitude of readers will be ready with the usual outcry against the bad taste of the times; but the fact is, so completely dissimilar are the manners of its characters from any thing which we perceive at present, that we revolt from its scenes, if they are pretended to be

*scenes from life*, though in the closet they may amuse us highly as the productions of a rich and fanciful imagination."

Such was his opinion, and, though severe, is partly just. There is certainly a wildness and unmixed character annexed to it, an undefined and indescribable degree of breathless anxiety, which is well calculated to accompany the effects of a drama, "but no scene is unmixed with extravagance of sentiment, with passion evaporating into conceit, with colloquys often feeble and inefficient." But they, nevertheless, evince the high excellence of the genius of

"Those two stars that run  
Their course, for aye, round SHAKSPEARE's golden sun."

The plot must be well known to our readers, we shall not, therefore, enter into any minute detail of it, but content ourselves with giving a few specimens of the style and tenour of this tragedy.

The first we shall give is a short speech of *Philaster's*.

" 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,  
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl  
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down  
That virtue. It was I assail'd the princess.  
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid  
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence  
I may discourse unto the under world  
The worth that dwells in her."

The next is from *Bellarion*.

" ————It pleased her to receive  
Me as her page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,  
That men stood o'er them careless, she did shower  
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell  
My fortunes till they overflowed the banks,  
Threat'ning the man that crost 'em; when, as swift  
As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes  
To burning suns upon me, and did dry

The streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse  
And more contemned than other little brooks,  
Because I had been great."—

These two specimens (for our limits do not allow us to drain more) will prove, what an inestimable mine of literary riches is concealed amongst the productions of our old dramatic bards. Our next shall contain a slight sketch of "*The Vittoria Colombina*" of WEBSTER.

## SHAKSPERIANA.

### No. VI.

*Being a Collection of Anecdotes, Fragments, and Remarks relating to SHAKSPEARE—with critiques and observations on his Dramatic powers and compositions, original and select.*

BY G. CREED.

"When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,  
First rear'd the stage, immortal SHAKSPEARE rose;  
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.  
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,  
And unresisting passion storm'd the breast."

DR. JOHNSON.

### 37.—ORIGINAL TITLES OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

The following are exact copies of the titles given to our immortal bard's works by the publishers of the earliest editions.

*The Historie of Henrie the Fourthe, with the battayle of Shrewsburie, between the Kynge and the Lorde Henrie Hotspurre, of the northe, wythe the merrie-conceyted*

veyne of Syr Johnne Falstaffe. [1592. 1599. 1602. 1622.]

An excellent conceyted tragedie of *Romeo and Juliette*, wythe the wranglyng of the two famous houses of Mountague and Capulette. [1593. 1597. 1599.]

The moste lamentable tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*, wythe the deathe of wicked Aaron, the black Moor. [1595. 1603. 1611.]

The seconde parte of *Kynge Henrie the Fourthe*, contaynyng unto his deathe, and coronation of Henrie the Fyfthe; whythe the humours of Syr Johnne Falstaffe and the swaggering Pistol. [1595. 1597. 1600.]

A moste pleasaunte comedie, called *A Midsummer Night's Dreame*, wythe the freakes of the fayries. [1595. 1600. 1610.]

A moste pleasaunte excellent-conceyted comedie of *Syr Johnne Falstaffe*, the fat knyght, with the qualnte conceytes of the *Merrie Wives of Windsor*, intermixed with sundrie humours of Syr Hugh, the Welsh parson, Justice Shallow, and his wise cousin, Mr. Abraham Slender, with the swaggering vaine of ancient Pistol and Corporal Nym; with Doctor Caius, his French figaries. [1596. 1598.]

A pleasaunte-conceyted comedie, called *Love his Labour Lost*, as it was presented before her highness (Queen Elizabeth) this last Christmas, newly corrected and augmented. [1597. 1598.]

The excellent and true historie of *The Merchante of Venice*, wyth the extreme crueltie of Shylocke, the Jew, towards the merchaunte Antonio and the obtayninge of Portia, the ryche heyre, by the choyce of three casketes. [1597. 1598 (with alterations). 1602. 1609.]

The tragedy of *Kynge Richard the Third*, contayninge his treacherous plottes against his brother Clarence, and the murder of his innocent nephewes in the Tower; wythe the whole course of his detestide lyfe, and his moste deserved deathe, slaine by Henrye, Earle of Richmond, in the bloudie battaile of Bosworth the Fielde, in Lestershire. [1597. 1598 (with alteration). 1602. 1609.]

The true chronicle of *Kynge Henrie the Eighth*, wythe the costlie coronatione of Queen Ann Bulleyne, the

cunninge of Cardinal Woolsay; wythe his disgrace and deathe; whythe the birthe and chrystianing of our gracious princess Elizabeth. [1597.]

The true and wonderfull chronicle historie of *Leare, Kyng of Englande*, wythe hys lyfe and deathe, with the unfortunate lyfe of *Edgar*, heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humour of *Tom a Bedlame*. [1598. 1608.]

A wittie and pleasaunte comedie, called the *Taminge of the Shrewe*. [1598. 1607. 1608. There are great alterations in the two last editions of this comedy.]

*Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, his tragedie, wythe his just revenge on the adulterous *Kynge Claudius*, and the poysoning of the *Queen Gertrude*. [1599. 1605. 1609.]

The true chronicle historie of *Henrie the Fifth*, with the famousse and memorable battle of *Agincourte*, his espousal wythe the Princess of France, wythe the valiante humoures and conceits of the Welsh Captain *Fluellen*. [1599. 1607. 1611.]

The famousse and excellentie historie of *Troilus and Cressida*, expressinge their loves, beginninge wythe the conceited wooinge of *Pandarus*, Prince of *Lycia*, the reckless wars and sackings of Troy. [1600. 1607. 1611.]

The tragedy of *Macbeth*, shewinge how, by treacherie and manifold murders, he obtained the crown of Scotland, wythe his well-deserved deathe. [1605.]

*Othello, the Moor of Venice*, wythe his deathe and strangling the fair *Desdemona*. [1606. 1613.]

### 38.—SHAKSPEARE AND JOHN O' COMBE.

The period of life at which SHAKSPEARE retired from the stage cannot be ascertained with any accuracy. His name appears in the list of the drama of JONSON'S "*Sejanus*," 1603, and the same year King JAMES I. granted him a licence, together with BURBAGE and others, to *exercise the art* (as then expressed) *of playing comedies, tragedies, &c.* At that time he was so deeply engaged in dramatic concerns, that it cannot be reasonably supposed he entertained any design of retiring, and it may be farther observed that his

tragedy of "*Macbeth*" was not written till after the accession of that monarch, at which period the absurd doctrine of witches became so prevalent. That he became a private gentleman at least three years before his death is obvious from the following curious story, related by Mr. ROWE:—  
 "SHAKSPEARE had a particular intimacy with a Mr. COMBE, an old gentleman noted for his wealth and usury; it happened that, in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. COMBE told SHAKSPEARE, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; since he could not know what must be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately, upon which SHAKSPEARE gave him the four following lines:

'Ten in the hundred the devil allows,  
 But COMBES will have twelve, he swears and vows.  
 If any one asks who lies in this tombe,  
 "Hoh!" quoth the devil, "'tis my JOHN o' COMBE.'" (1)

But the sharpness of this satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it. This JOHN COMBE is supposed to be the same, who, by DUGDALE, in his "*Antiquities of Warwickshire*," is said to have died in 1614, and for whom, at the upper end of the choir of the Guild of the Holy Cross, at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a statue therein, cut in alabaster, and in a gown, with this epitaph.

"Here lieth interred the body of JOHN COMBE, Esq. who died the 10th July, 1614, who bequeathed several annual charities to the parish of Stratford, and an hundred pounds to be lent to fifteen poor tradesmen, from three years to three years, changing the parties every third year, at the rate of fifty shillings per annum, the interest to be distributed to the alms poor."

This donation has all the air of a rich and sagacious usurer. We think we may with safety assert, that the

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(1) The reader will perceive I have here transcribed AUBREY's version of this epitaph, which differs somewhat from that of ROWE, given on page 216. C.



period of SHAKSPEARE's retirement may be fixed somewhere about the year 1611 or 12.

## 39.

"If any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was SHAKSPEARE. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models of those before him."

POPE's Pref.

## 40.—OTHELLO.

The story on which this tragedy is founded, is taken from CYNTHIO's *Novels*, the seventh in the third decade. Whence SHAKSPEARE obtained the name of *Othello* cannot now be ascertained, as now no English translation of this work so early as the time of SHAKSPEARE is known. There is a French translation of CYNTHIO, by GABRIEL CHAPPREYS, Paris, 1584, which, however, is not a faithful one, but probably through this medium the work came into English. There can be no doubt but small and interesting pamphlets have been irretrievably lost between his time and the present. If ever there was then one English translation of the above novel, it is now lost, and perhaps never more to be met with.

In "*God's revenge against Adultery*," fol. by JOHN REYNOLDS, hist. 8th, there is an argument of his, which is as follows:—"She marries OTHELLO, an old German soldier." In this history also, which is professed to be an Italian one, the name of *Iago* occurs. It may be urged by some, that those names were adopted from the tragedy before us, but every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest JOHN REYNOLDS is composed, will acquit him of even the slightest familiarity with the works of SHAKSPEARE.

The date of the occurrence of the story from which this play is founded may be ascertained from the following circumstances:—SOLIMAN II. formed his design against Cy-

prus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians (which was in 1473), wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn, from the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet in Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when MUSTAPHA SOLIMAN's general attacked Cyprus, in 1570 [*Vide KNOLLE's Hist. Turk. p. 838.*], consequently, 1570 is the time of the play.

MALONE has ascribed, but on no very sure ground, this tragedy to the year 1611.

It was entered on the stationers' books Oct. 6, 1620, by THOMAS WALKELY, and first printed in 4to, in 1622, by N. O. for THOMAS WALKELY.

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41.

The poetry of SHAKSPEARE was inspiration indeed; he is not so much of an imitator, as an instrument of nature, and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her as that she speaks through him. His characters are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection: but every single character in SHAKSPEARE is as much an individual as those in life itself: it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout all his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

POPE's Pref.

## 42.—SHAKSPEARE'S ACTING.

The numerous biographers of SHAKSPEARE have never been able to discover any character in which he appeared to more advantage than that of the *Ghost*, in his own "*Hamlet*;" but if they had looked into JOHN DAVIES's, of Hereford's "*Scourge of Folly*," they would have found some lines that would have set them right at once, as they distinctly state the *cast of characters* he was accustomed to take, and gives no reason to believe that he was not quite as respectable in them as necessary.—

*"To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakspeare.*

Some say, good WILL, which I in sport do sing,  
Hadst thou not *playd* some KINGLY *parts* in sport,  
Thou hadst been a companion for a king;  
And been king among a meaner sort.  
Some others rail; but rail, as they think fit,  
Thou hast no *railing*, but a *reigning* wit,  
And honestly thou sow'st, which they do reap;  
So, to encrease their stock, which they do keep."

From this it will be seen, that it was what is called the "*heavy line of business*" SHAKSPEARE was accustomed to play, a cast of characters requiring the exercise rather of the judgment than any other quality of an actor, consisting as it does chiefly in dignity and declamation.

## 43.—SHAKSPEARE'S MONUMENT. (1)

[See the Vignette.]

The monument of SHAKSPEARE is placed in the wall, elevated about five feet from the ground, on which he is represented under an arch, between two Corinthian pillars, with gilded bases and capitals, supporting the entablature, on the centre of which are his armorial bearings, surmounted by a death's head, and on each side a boy figure, one grasping a spade, the other holding in his left hand

(1) Vide also pages 123, 186, 187, 215.

an inverted torch, and resting his right on a skull. The figure of the poet, which is a half-length effigy, is in a sitting posture, in the act of composing; a cushion is placed before him; he holds a pen in his right hand, and his left rests on a scroll, on which was formerly written those well-known and sublime lines, "The cloud capt towers," &c. but which now bears the name of WELLESLEY, written by the noble Marquis himself. The bust was originally coloured, to resemble life, according to the custom of the time and place, there being many coloured effigies in Stratford church. As this monument was erected by Dr. HALL, within seven years, at the furthest, after his death, when his features could not have been forgotten in every one's recollection, it may fairly claim to be regarded as a likeness indeed. The tradition of Stratford runs that it was taken from a cast after nature, and it certainly discovers a resemblance to the earliest print given of him, which is in the first folio edition of his works, and bears BEN JONSON's testimony to its correctness.

"The figure which thou here seest cut,  
It is for gentle SHAKSPEARE cut," &c.

In taking a cast of this effigy, in 1793, that "*grub* MALONE" damaged the colouring, and, instead of executing the obligation he was under of repairing the mischief he had caused, resorted to the *insolvent* expedient of *white-washing* it. Some pretend he did this to suit the chaster taste of the present age, but it was to suit his own wretched parsimony; the following lines have been aptly written on this circumstance :

"Traveller, to whom this monument is shewn,  
Invoke the poet's curses on MALONE;  
Whose meddling zeal a barbarous taste displays,  
Daubing his tombstone, as he marred his plays."

To avert, as far as possible, the injury MALONE occasioned by plastering this truly precious record of the poet, and assist any one inclined to restore it to its original state, the following is here stated as its pristine colours. The eyes were represented as of a light hazel colour, the hair and beard a fine auburn; both (if we may trust the

opinions of the ancients on that point) indicative of superior genius; the cushion and drapery were of a light blue and (raddle) red. (1)

Under the bust of the poet are the following inscriptions:—

“Judicio Pylum, genis Socratem, arte Maronem,  
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus Habet.”

“Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?  
Read, if thy canst, whom envious death hath plast  
Within this monument, SHAKSPEARE, with whom  
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ys. tombe  
Far more than cost; sich all yt. he hath writt  
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.”

Obiit Ano. Dom. 1646, Ætatis 53, die 23

## TO MISS DANCE.

*On witnessing her representation of Juliet.*

O hide me from those dazzling eyes,  
That with such lustre glow;  
O shield me from those piercing sighs,  
They cherish nought but woe.

But yet thy features are so bright,  
Thy voice so heavenly sweet,  
That I could wish 'twere always night,  
To see thee *Romeo* meet.

(1) The only oral testimony that is to be procured of SHAKSPEARE's person, is AUBREY's, who says “he was a handsome well shap't man,” and adds “very good company, and of a very ready and smooth wit; and I have heard Sir WM. D'AVENANT and Mr. THOMAS SHADWELL (who is counted the best comedian we have now), say, that he had a most prodigious wit, and did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramatical writers.”

And were I but in *Romeo's* stead,  
 And found such visions real,  
 My heart to others soon were dead,  
 Or count them but ideal.

But vain the thought, and vainer still,  
 Celestial as thou art,  
 To follow, with determined will,  
 The path that tempts my heart.

I must away—for *India's* shore  
 I quit this favour'd isle,  
 Trusting that fate has yet in store  
 An envied *Romeo's* smile.

And while away, may *Juliet* live  
 In thee, as now pourtray'd,  
 And to thy name fresh laurels give,  
 Beyond oblivion's shade.

Oct. 8.

W.H.C.

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### TO MISS STEPHENS.

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ORPHEUS, as ancient poets say,  
 In music so improv'd,  
 So sweetly on the harp could play,  
 That stones and wood he mov'd.

Yet could he hear, who's dead and gone,  
 How charming STEPHENS sings !  
 He'd straight thy vocal music own  
 Sweeter than all his strings.

Thy voice, fair maid, can all controul,  
 And heav'n-born joy inspire ;  
 Thy voice with raptures fill the soul,  
 And set each heart on fire.

October, 1821.

J.J.A.

## HUMOUROUS EPILOGUES AFTER TRAGEDIES.

MR. DRAMA,

THE custom of introducing humourous epilogue, farce, and buffoonery, after the mind has been agitated, softened, or sublimed by tragic scenes, has been often objected to.

It has been said, in its favour, that five long acts is a portion of time sufficiently long to keep the attention fixed on melancholy objects; that human life has enough of real, without calling in the aid of artificial distress; that it is cruel to send home an audience with all the affecting impressions of a deep tragedy on their minds.

In reply, it has been observed, that it is degrading and untrue to describe the human species as incapable of receiving gratification only from comic scenes; that "*there is a luxury in woe*," independent of its purifying the bosom and suppressing the more ignoble passions.

I.C.

The supporters of this opinion have also added, that there is a species of depravity in endeavouring, by ludicrous mummery, to efface the salutary effects of pathetic, virtuous, and vigorous sentiments; that it is sporting with the sympathies of our nature, repugnant to correct taste, and counteracting moral utility. This violation of the law of gentle and gradual contrasts has been felt and complained of by most frequenters of a modern theatre, and well-authenticated instances have been produced of guilty persons retiring from a well-written and well-acted play to repentance and melioration.

An epilogue has been composed by Mr. SHERIDAN, in support of these opinions, superior in pathos, poetry, and practical deduction, to any I ever read; it was originally spoken by Mrs. YATES, after the performance of *Semiramis*, a tragedy translated from the French.

Dishevell'd still, like Asia's bleeding queen,  
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?

No, beauteous mourners! from whose downcast eyes

The muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice;

Whose gentle bosoms, pity's altars, bear

The chrystal incense of each falling tear!

J.A

*There* lives the poet's praise ; no critic art  
Can match the comment of a feeling heart !

When general plaudits speak the fable o'er,  
Which mute attention had approv'd before ;  
Though ruder spirits love th' accustomed jest,  
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast ;  
Still hearts refined their sadden'd tints retain,  
The sigh gives pleasure, and the jest is pain ;  
Scarce have they smiles to honour grace or wit,  
Though *Roscus* spoke the verse himself had writ.

Thus, through the time when vernal fruits receive  
The grateful showers that hang on April's eve ;  
Though every coarser stem of forest birth  
Throws, with the morning beam, its dews to earth,  
Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,  
But, bathed in nature's tears, it drops till noon.

O, could the muse one simple moral teach,  
From scenes like these, which all who hear might reach ;  
Thou child of sympathy, whoe'er thou art,  
Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part,  
Go search where keener woes demand relief,  
Go, while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief ;  
The graceful tear still lingering on the eye,  
Thy breast still conscious of the recent sigh ;  
Go, and on *real* misery bestow  
The blest effusions of fictitious woe.  
So shall our muse, supreme of all the nine,  
Deserve indeed the title of "DIVINE !"   
*Virtue* shall own her favour'd from above,  
And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love.

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### TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMA.

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SIR,

As almost every body, seized with the spirit of scribbling, is making emendations, annotations, or illustrations, on some passage of a perplexing nature in the pages of SHAKSPEARE, permit me to take this opportunity to throw another



mite into the treasury of criticism. Peeping into an old almanack the other day, printed in the year 1667, I found among other memorabilia there mentioned, "Julius Cæsar slain with a bodkin." It occurred to me that SHAKESPEARE, by that word in the soliloquy of *Hamlet*, did not mean, as it seems generally understood, the little instrument which ladies make use of upon some occasions, but a dagger, which was then called a bodkin, though I have not yet been able to find it in any dictionary or glossary, and shall be obliged to any of your correspondents for a more diligent inquiry. It is used in the same sense by Sir P. SIDNEY, in his *Arcadia*, in the burlesque challenge from one coward to another, "defying him in a mortal combat, from the *bodkin* to the pike upward:" that is, through all weapons, (but reversed, to heighten the burlesque, I suppose,) the combat usually beginning with the lance, and ending with the dagger, which the knights, if I mistake not, wore fastened to their armour by a chain. When they were disabled from the use of any other weapon, they spent the poor remains of their fury with this little instrument, grasping together.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

SHYLOCK.

### TO MELPOMENE.

QUEEN of the streaming eye and throbbing breast,  
 Who rob'd Euripides in sable vest;  
 When the sad father (1) veil'd his sacred head,  
 Whilst his lov'd daughter for her country bled:  
 Tho' aw'd by angry gods, and slavish fear,  
 Each steel-clad hero dropp'd the silent tear;  
 No more thy numbers, loveliest muse prevail  
 In scenes of real woe, or well-wrought tale;  
 Your feeble votaries in these latter days,  
 To pamper'd *sentiments* attune their lays.

(1) See the *Iphigenia* in *Aul.* of that poet—Franklin's translation.

Whilst *sensibility*, fantastic maid!

Of smiles, of joy, of happiness afraid,

Betroth'd to misery, of sorrows vain,

Tatters her body to encourage pain.

In the grave sonnet's smooth, congenial flow

Pours the soft langour of melodious woe;

On human weakness eager to repine,

Bids life's gay prospects darken at each line,

The pallid maid, too fearful of a storm,

Hides from the balmy gale her sickly form;

In vain the Stagirite, (1) with active soul,

Gave to the tragic muse the ages stole.

"Taught, on the Drama's well-conducted plan,

"To exalt the hero, and improve the man;

"With dauntless mind, life's various ills to bear,

"No more the slaves of pity and of fear."

I. I. A.

## DRAMATIC NECROLOGY,

For 1821.

— Mark

How the old actors decay, the young sprout up;

A fitting observation."—MASSINGER.

*It appears advisable that in order to render our work a complete record of events connected with Dramatic History that we should notice the EXITS, as well as the ENTRANCES of performers, and in fact, of all personages who have any communication whatever with the stage, and accordingly we shall in future dedicate a few pages of every Supplementary Number to this purpose.*

January.—At Shrewsbury, Mr. I. CHAMBERS, a performer of comic characters on the stage of that town, during the last thirty years. He was supposed to be the oldest provincial actor in the kingdom.

(1) Sest he began i/nal discourse on the use of tragedy, in Pye's translation . Aristotle.

At York, aged 88, JOHN CROFT, Esq. F.S.A. author of "*Notes on Shakspeare*," and other works.

14th. At Maidstone, (where he was performing with DOWTON's company,) Mr. OWEN, a well-known provincial actor. A few days previous to his death, he met with a serious accident, which terminated fatally.

February. Suddenly, at Chichester, while eating his dinner, Mr. CHARLES INGRAM, father of Mrs. MARDYN, the actress.

23d. At Rome, aged 25, JOHN KEATS, author of "*Endymion*," &c.

March 16. In Stafford-place, Colonel DOUGLAS, formerly one of the Drury-lane Sub-Committee.

31st. Mrs. ELLISTON, wife of R. W. ELLISTON, Esq.

Aged 81, Mr. JOSEPH AUSTIN, many years manager of the Chester theatre, and formerly a coby of GARRICK'S. He was the last survivor of the actors named in "*The Rosciad*," one line of which has immortalized him,—

"AUSTIN would always rustle in *French silks*."

April. At Lynn, Mr. W. S. CHATTERLY, of the English Opera House. This gentleman was born in London, 21st March, 1787. His father was a surgical instrument-maker, in Cannon-street, but inevitable circumstances compelled him to accept a situation in Drury-lane theatre, where little CHATTERLY made his *debut* at the age of two years and a half, as *King of the Fairies*, in the "*Jubilee*," and *Cupid*, in "*Arthur and Emmeline*." He followed the company to the Opera House, during the erection of the late Drury-lane, and among a variety of parts, played the *boy*, in "*Isabella*," to the heroine of Mrs. SIDDONS. He continued in Drury-lane till 1804, when he was engaged for Birmingham, Sheffield, and Leicester. In the course of his subsequent peregrinations, he met and played with Mr. KEAN, who, like himself, supported an active part in every department of the drama. He afterwards joined Mr. THORNTON, at Gosport; and afterwards Mr. WATSON, at Cheltenham. From thence he was engaged, in 1810, by Mr. PALMER and the late Mr. DIMOND, proprietors of the Bath theatre, at which place he continued till the time of his death. His summer exertions, (in London) being

confined to the English Opera House, at which place his talents were always highly appreciated. In the *Marquis de Grand Chateau*, *Mungo*, and *Midas*, he was, almost unrivalled. In *Justice Woodcock*, perhaps, inferior to MUNDEN and DOWTON, but his exertions in that character were surpassed by no other comedian on the boards. He married (11th August, 1811,) Miss SIMEON, of the Bath theatre, whose valuable talents are highly appreciated.

15th. Mr. BARTLEMAN, the musician,—buried in the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, April 21st.

May 2d. At Clifton, aged 32, Mrs. PIOZZI.

13th. At Brompton, Mrs. STORACE, mother of STEPHEN and Signora STORACE.

June 22d. At Bishop-Wearmouth, Mr. A. W. SHERIDAN, formerly an eminent comedian, in several provincial companies. He succeeded MUNDEN at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in which town his last performance took place on the 11th of April, 1821, as *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. HAMMOND.

July 11th. At Edinburgh, (in the Royal Infirmary,) Mr. JOHN BERRY, formerly of the Edinburgh theatre. He was once a favourite actor of low comedy, and singer of comic songs, but dissipation destroyed his health, and led him into such irregularities, that he was sent adrift. He then commenced stroller, and underwent many hardships; till, having pledged himself to renounce his habits of drunkenness, the Edinburgh manager resolved to give him another trial, and he again appeared before an Edinburgh audience in May, 1816. He, however, relapsed, and had not been heard of for some time, when he was once more brought to the recollection of the public in June last, by the following notice :

“*To the Public.*—It having been reported that Mr. BERRY, formerly of the Theatre-royal, was sinking under the pressure of want and sickness, equally destitute of food and lodging; inquiry was made, and he was found stretched upon a sack, literally perishing for the want of sustenance; his wife having been previously removed from him, rendered delirious by extreme misery. Immediate relief being afforded, it is to provide a small fund for the support of the few remaining days that may be allowed to

these unfortunates that the public of Edinburgh is solicited to support the benefit allotted for that purpose on Saturday, June 9, when will be performed "*The Antiquary*," and "*Three Weeks after Marriage*." Any lady or gentleman wishing to ascertain the truth of the above statement is respectfully referred to Mr. MURRAY."

The performance was well attended; a day or two after poor BERRY expressed his sense of the kindness thus shown him, in the following terms:

"Mr. BERRY requests permission to offer his heart-felt thanks for the kind assistance which the public has so generously extended to him and Mrs. BERRY, whose unhappy situation precludes her joining in this inadequate expression of humble gratitude. Should they be permitted to survive the effects of that extremity of want and misery, from which they have been so liberally relieved, Mr. BERRY's future conduct shall evince what words cannot express—the deep and grateful sense he entertains of the charity by which he and his poor wife have been preserved."

It will be seen, he unfortunately did not live to enjoy the public bounty.

11th. In London, Mr. HOUGH, of Chesterfield, Derbyshire, the dramatic tutor of BETTY, the "*Young Roscius*."

19th. Mr. H. M. BARKER, of the Drury-lane orchestra.

Aug. 1. At Kensington, Mrs. INCHEALD. Her maiden name was SIMPSON. She was born at Staningfield, Suffolk, in (or about) 1756. Her father died in her infancy, and left her, with a large family, to the care of a step-mother, who is said to have behaved to them with the greatest kindness. Miss SIMPSON, however, had imbibed some romantic ideas, which rendered her dissatisfied with a country life, and she therefore, at the age of sixteen, eloped from home, without any companion, and proceeded in a stage-coach to London, without any plan for her future conduct. The friends with whom she had intended to seek an asylum, had retired from business into Wales; she was therefore left, in the midst of this large metropolis, unprotected and unprovided for, to muse on her situation. In the absence of all other resources, she determined to seek a situation on the stage; and seeing in the bills the name

of Mr. INCHBALD, whom she remembered playing at Bury, she made known to him her wishes. At his recommendation, she applied to another performer belonging to Drury-lane, who had just purchased a share in a country theatre, and who, struck with her beauty, immediately engaged her. He however, soon made advances which alarmed her virtue, and repairing to Mr. INCHBALD, informed him of the circumstance ; he promised her his protection, and becoming more charmed with her on further acquaintance, they were shortly after married. In 1777 they joined TATE WILKINSON's company at Hull, he making his first appearance on the 22d of October, as *Sir Francis Wronghead*, and she as *Horatio*, in "*The Roman Father*." WILKINSON says of Mr. INCHBALD, "he was my friend, my worthy man, my esteemed actor, in all my long *Pilgrim's Progress*. For the time he was engaged with me, I never experienced more ingenuousness, honour, and integrity ; nor did I ever know an actor of such universal worth." With WILKINSON they continued two years, to the mutual satisfaction both of managers and performers, till INCHBALD's career was cut short by death, on Sunday, June 6, 1779. He was buried at Leeds, where a Latin inscription, from the pen of Mr. KEMBLE, is placed upon his tomb. (1)

(1) Mr. KEMBLE, who is said to have been deeply enamoured of the fair widow, composed also an English poem upon his friend's decease, which we here insert :

*Ode to the Memory of Mr. Inchbald.*

What time the weak-ey'd owl, on twilight wing  
 Slow borne, her vesper scream'd to eve, and rous'd  
     The lazy wing of bat  
     With beetle's sullen hum,  
 Friendship and she, the maid of pensive mein,  
 Pale Melancholy, point my sorrowing steps  
     To meditate the dead,  
     And give my friend a tear.  
 Here let me pause—and pay that tear I owe ;  
 Silent it trickles down my cheek, and drops

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. INCHBALD procured an engagement at Covent-garden, where she remained two or three seasons, and then applied herself to dramatic composition, and wrote the "*Mogul Tale*," which was very successful. She afterwards produced many other fortunate pieces, and in 1789 finally quitted the stage, for which she, however, continued to write. Besides her dramas, she published two excellent novels, viz. "*Nature and Art*," and a "*Simple Story*." In 1807 she undertook to furnish critical essays for a series of plays, published by Longman and Co., and joined a few literary friends in a periodical paper, called "*The Artist*." She died at a boarding-house in Kensington, where she had resided some time past, and was buried at the church on the 4th. Being a Roman Catholic, all the rites and ceremonies of that religion were observed. She left fifty pounds to the Covent-garden fund; fifty pounds to Mrs. MATTOCKS, amongst a vast many other legacies.

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Upon the recent sod  
That lightly clasps his heart.

But, ah! how vain!—nor Flattery's pow'r, nor Wealth's  
Nor Friendship's tear, nor widow'd ANNA's voice,  
Sweet as the harps of heaven,  
Can move the tyrant death.

Hence, ye impure!—for, hark!—around his grave  
The sisters chaste,—the sisters whom he lov'd,  
In nine-fold cadence chaunt  
Immortal harmony.

'Tis done! 'tis done!—the well-earned laurel spreads  
Its verdant foliage o'er his honour'd clay;  
Again the Muses sing—  
THALIA's was the deed.

Thou honest man, farewell!—I would not stain  
Thy worth with praise—Yet, not the bright-hair'd king,  
Who woos the rosy morn,  
And westering skirts the sky  
With ruddy gold and purple, e'er shall see  
Thy likeness; nor yon paly crescent call  
Her weeping dew to kiss  
A form more loved than thine.

25th. Aged 64, BARTOLOZZI, father of Madame VESTRIS, and son of the celebrated engraver.

At her lodgings in King-street, Mrs. MARTINDALE one of the proprietors of Covent-garden theatre. She was the daughter of POWELL, the actor, who was a part proprietor of that house.

Sept. 1. Mr. DENNING, comedian. He was born in 1790, near the Elephant and Castle. His father was a respectable music master. He was originally intended for the East India Company's naval service, but various circumstances prevented the fulfilment of this intention. After residing in various situations, in the whole of which he was unlucky, he became clerk to Mr. CHITTY, a very eminent special pleader, in the Temple; at which place he first imbibed a mania for theatricals, and after playing many characters at the Lyceum, Berwick-street, and other private theatres; fired with the applause he there received he quitted the law, and entered the lists for public favour at Cheltenham, November 9, 1811, as *Looney Mactwoller*, and was well received. He afterwards travelled with Mr. WATSON, jun. to Gloucester, Litchfield (a very bad theatrical town,) Abergavenny, Brecon, &c. at all which places he gained great applause. On leaving this circuit, he visited Worcester, Ludlow, Hereford, Shrewsbury, &c. where he played a complete round of characters, from the King in tragedy, to the Clown in pantomime; but he seemed nearer allied to low comedy, and more especially to such parts as require great volubility and distinctness of utterance; for which, as he possessed a good pliant voice, and a knowledge of music, he was particularly well fitted. On Mr. HARLEY's coming to the Lyceum, Mr. DENNING received an invitation to succeed him at Brighton, where he became a deserved favourite, and it is from these theatres we find him announced on the London boards, where he made his first appearance in the character of *Mingle*, ["*Bee-Hive*,"] 31st of October, 1817, at Covent-garden, where his success was very flattering, considering the actor whose place he filled—MATHEWS.

10th. Mr. EDWARD SAVAGE, formerly master carpenter at the Crow-street theatre, Dublin. He was killed by a fall, while superintending some alterations in the ven-



tilator of the new theatre. Standing between the roof and the ceiling, by accident he fell into the pit, a depth of fifty feet, and died in half an hour.

19th. At Paris, JOHN ASTLEY, Esq. proprietor of the Amphitheatre, Westminster-bridge.

Nov. 8th. At Edinburgh, Mr. MURRAY. This gentleman was many years a most distinguished favourite on the Covent-garden boards. He was the son of Sir JOHN MURRAY, baronet, of Broughton, secretary to CHARLES EDWARD, the Pretender, in the rebellion of 1745, who, after the final ruin of the cause of his unfortunate master, retired to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, where, in the year 1754, the subject of this memoir was born. CHARLES, under the immediate guardianship of his father, received an excellent classical education, and was, at a proper season, sent into France, to perfect himself in the language of that country—a language which, from his youngest days, he spoke with the correctness and fluency of the most accomplished native. Being designed by his friends for the medical profession, he was, on his return to England, placed as a pupil with a London practitioner of eminence, and having obtained a competent knowledge of pharmacy and surgery, entered into the sea-service as a surgeon, in which capacity he made several voyages. Being tired of this service, he entered into an engagement with Mr. TATE WILKINSON, and made his first appearance on the stage, at York, in 1775, in the character of *Carlos*, in the "*Fop's Fortune*," under the assumed name of Mr. RAYMER. Thence he went to Norwich, and afterwards to Bath. At the death of the late Mr. FARREN, he entered into an engagement with Mr. HARRIS, at Covent-garden theatre, where he appeared in 1797, in the part of *Shylock*, in the "*Merchant of Venice*."

In characters of sensibility and deep pathos, Mr. MURRAY has been unrivalled; and in such parts as *Old Norval*, *Lusignan*, and *Adam*, "we shall never look upon his like again."

Mr. MURRAY has left a son and a daughter in the profession. The latter (Mrs. HENRY SIDDONS) is highly distinguished as an actress, both in tragedy and in genteel

comedy, and is the present proprietor of the theatre-royal, Edinburgh. Her brother, Mr. WILLIAM MURRAY, the acting manager of that respectable theatre, is also a great favourite in that metropolis.

24th. Suddenly, at his lodgings in French-street, Southampton, Mr. F. I. GUINN, aged 76. The origin of this gentleman is not correctly known; reports have been various as to his high descent; but it is most certain his education and acquirements were of the first order, and his bland manners strongly indicated a superior breeding. He was, at an early period of life, on the Edinburgh stage, and played the same characters as Mr. GARRICK was then performing in London, and with nearly as much *eclat*; he was also intimately acquainted with the English *Roscins*, as well as with Messrs. ROSS, DIGGES, MOSSOP, and many others then in estimation; from this period till within the last seven or eight years, his history appears a blank; during it he obtained a scanty subsistence by instructing persons in geography, navigation, the mathematics, writing, the French, Greek, and Latin languages, in all of which he was a profound-master. He was interred by the friendly aid of his brother Masons, and followed to his "last sad peaceful mansion," by a silent few, who appreciated his genius and worth.

#### END OF VOLUME I.

